COMPARATIVE LITERATURE

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COMPARATIVE LITERATURE

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THE HARMONY SOCIETY AND *WILHELM MEISTERS WANDERJAHRE*

KARL J. R. ARNDT

THE SUBJECT of this paper, the influence of George Rapp's Harmony Society on the "Auswandererstaat" in Goethe's *Wilhelm Meisters Wanderjahre*, would undoubtedly have been thoroughly explored long ago, except for two circumstances—inadequate knowledge of the institutions and history of the society and neglect of the *Wanderjahre* by Goethe scholars.

Our information concerning the Harmony Society has been fragmentary because complicated legal and political problems have prevented the full examination of its extensive archives, and scholars have had to depend largely on visitors' reports, which tend to confuse Rapp's society with Robert Owen's New Harmony.[1] The neglect of the *Wanderjahre* seems to be due principally to its obscurity and the frightening effect of its tedious style, even on devoted students of Goethe.[2] All studies of the work begin with an apology for its form, though they may urge the reader not to be deterred from pressing on to find the buried gold.

Goethe's interest in the Harmony Society and the possible importance of the society for the understanding of the *Wanderjahre* have been suggested though not pursued. Erich Küspert, in his *New Harmony: Ein historischer Vergleich zwischen zwei Lebensanschauungen*

[1] Karl J. Arndt, "The Harmony Society from its Beginnings in Germany in 1785 to its Liquidation in the United States in 1905," *Year Book of The American Philosophical Society*, 1953, pp. 188-191.

[2] See Gerhard Künzel's introduction to the *Wanderjahre*, in the Artemis-Verlag memorial edition of Goethe's works, Zürich, 1948-54, VIII, 885. All quotations from Goethe in this article are from this edition. On the style of the work, see Arno Schmidt, *Aus dem Leben eines Fauns* (Hamburg, 1953), p. 97. An American, Charles Sealsfield, shortly after Goethe's death called the style an insult to German readers against which they should have rebelled. *Gesammelte Werke* (Stuttgart, 1846), VII, 9.

(Nuremberg, 1937), calls attention to Goethe's interest in the society; his study is, however, based almost exclusively on the *Reise Sr. Hoheit des Herzogs Bernhard zu Sachsen-Weimar-Eisenach durch Nord-Amerika in den Jahren 1825-1826* (1828) and on *The New Harmony Communities* (1905) by George Browning Lockwood, who knew no other source than the accounts of Bernhard and other travelers.

In addition to Küspert, who wrote for economists and sociologists, two others scholars have suggested a possible relation between the Harmony Society and the *Wanderjahre*. Walther Linden, in his revision of Bielschowsky's *Goethe, sein Leben und seine Werke* (Munich, 1928), suggests the influence of Robert Owen's New Harmony, but without realizing that New Harmony was the second settlement of the Harmonists, that they had sold this settlement to Robert Owen, and that the founder of the Harmonists, a contemporary and countryman of Schiller, had been Owen's teacher. Robert Hering comes closest to the problem in his extremely detailed and careful study, *Wilhelm Meister und Faust und ihre Gestaltung im Zeichen der Gottesidee* (Frankfurt, 1952). He raises the question whether Goethe's and George Rapp's paths might not have crossed in Württemberg before Rapp emigrated to America, but he does not pursue it further. Perhaps he would have done so, had he lived to finish his studies. If he had had time or opportunity for further study of the Harmony Society, Hering certainly would not have described the "Auswandererstaat" as

> ... das Wunschbild eines Gemeinwesens, das die Auswanderer mit hinüber in die neue Welt nehmen, um es dort der Verwirklichung entgegenzuführen, die entsprechend ihrem Gesellenstand, nicht mehr Aufgabe der Wanderjahre sein kann, sondern den Meisterjahren, wenn es solche überhaupt geben kann, vorbehalten bleiben mußten [p. 395].

This statement is for the most part correct; but Goethe's reading about America before writing the last eight chapters of the *Wanderjahre* gave him too realistic a knowledge of such a "Gemeinwesen" already in existence in America to allow the plan to be called a "Wunschbild," an ideal similar to the "pädagogische Provinz" which he presented without consideration of the obstacles which might prevent its realization. Apart from other sources of information, Goethe was at the time considerably interested in Lord Byron's *Don Juan*, and Lord Byron had become so fascinated by the reports in England of the Harmony Society that he wrote these lines about it in Canto XV of the work, which Goethe reviewed in *Kunst und Altertum*:

XXXV

When Rapp the Harmonist embargo'd marriage
In his harmonious settlement—(which flourishes
Strangely enough as yet without miscarriage,
Because it breeds no more mouths than it nourishes,

Without those sad expenses which disparage
What Nature naturally most encourages)—
Why call'd he "Harmony" a state sans wedlock?
Now here I've got the preacher at a dead lock.

XXXVI

Because he either meant to sneer at harmony
Or marriage, by divorcing them thus oddly.
But whether reverend Rapp learn'd this in Germany
Or no, 'tis said his sect is rich and godly,
Pious and pure, beyond what I can term any
Of ours, although they propagate more broadly.
My objection's to his title, not his ritual,
Although I wonder how it grew habitual.

XXXVII

But Rapp is the reverse of zealous matrons,
Who favour, malgré Malthus, generation—
Professors of that genial art, and patrons
Of all the modest part of propagation;
Which after all at such a desperate rate runs,
That half its produce tends to emigration,
That sad result of passions and potatoes—
Two weeds which pose our economic Catos.

Emigration, of course, was very much in the mind of Englishmen and Germans at this time, and, as these lines reflect the seriousness of the problem, so does the entire revision of the *Wanderjahre*. As an Entwicklungsroman, *Wilhelm Meister* reflects the changing spirit of an age, and a study of its genesis from the *Theatralische Sendung* to the revised *Wanderjahre* reveals Goethe's decreasing faith in the future of Europe and his growing faith in America. The *Sendung* does not even mention America, while the *Lehrjahre* pictures America as a land of temporary adventure from which Lothario returns with the conviction, "Hier oder nirgends ist America."

It was between 1821 and 1829 that the "Americanization" of *Wilhelm Meister* set in, and the *Wanderjahre* changed completely from a work concerned with "Wandern" to one concerned with "Auswandern." If the *Lehrjahre* is "amerikamüde," then the revised *Wanderjahre* is "europamüde,"[3] conforming to the Old World weariness which Goethe expressed in his well-known poem, "Amerika Du hast es besser als unser Kontinent, das Alte." Goethe in these years saw in America the hope for the individual of the future, provided he were willing to make the necessary practical adjustments. And it was in these years that he struggled against time to round out the last eight chapters of the revised *Wanderjahre*, the chapters sketching his "Auswandererstaat," and, as

[3] Ernst Willkomm, *Die Europamüden* (Leipzig, 1838); Ferdinand Kürnberger, *Der Amerikamüde* (Munich, 1856).

a concession to those few unable to break with the old homeland, the project of developing a backward area in the Old World. Both have their parallels in the history of the Harmony Society.

Apart from suggestions from Byron and from the personal contacts with Americans who came to pay homage in these years, what influences may have had an effect on the revision of the *Wanderjahre*? We find the answer in the records of the Grand Ducal Library, in Goethe's diaries and letters, and in the works on America in his private library. Goethe, we learn, was reading the works of James Fenimore Cooper, Ludwig Gall's *Meine Auswanderung nach den Vereinigten Staaten in Nord Amerika im Frühjahr 1819 and meine Rückkehr nach der Heimath im Winter 1820* (Trier, 1822), Fearon's *Sketches of America* (London, 1818), Morris Birkbeck's *Bemerkungen auf einer Reise in Amerika von der Küste von Virginien bis zum Gebiete von Illinois*, W. MacClure's *Observations on the Geology of the United States*, Moritz von Fürstenwärther's *Der Deutsche in Nord Amerika* (Stuttgart, 1818), Schoolcraft's *Wanderungen in den Vereinigten Staaten*, W. H. Keating's *Reise durch Nord Amerika*, and the *Reise Sr. Hoheit des Herzogs Bernhard . . . durch Nord-Amerika* (Weimar, 1828).

All these works except Cooper's are factual reports; and Cooper's influence on Goethe is to be found in the *Novelle* rather than the *Wanderjahre*. Aside from Cooper and MacClure, all of these books present the great advantage of organizing emigration and settlement societies and extoll the Harmony Society as the model of models. And MacClure, whom Duke Bernhard met at New Harmony, had close personal connections with the society. We do not know Goethe's reactions to all of these works, but we do know what he thought of Gall and Bernhard.

In *Kunst und Altertum* (XIV, 380 f.) at the very time he was working on the "Auswandererstaat" Goethe published a very illuminating discussion of Gall's *Meine Auswanderung*, recommending the book and American themes to young writers searching for new material. In this article he outlines a plot for a novel suggested by Gall's account of America. The plot actually sketches the history of the Harmony Society, without mentioning its name, from the time of its organization in Schiller's homeland to its settlement in America. Goethe proposes as the central character a Protestant minister who leads his people to the sea and then across, a man who would in his experiences often call to mind Moses in the wilderness—incidentally, a comparison which Rapp, the Protestant minister and leader of the Harmonists, often used in speaking of himself. In an exact parallel to George Rapp, Goethe's plot pictures this central character as one driven on by his ruling passion to carry out his plan to the end, when he has overcome an immeasurable lack of sense, averted a catastrophe, and established a decent living for his people. This is what happened to Rapp when he came to America and struggled to

establish his first settlement. A great part of the story is told in Duke Bernhard's travels.

The plot which Goethe outlines, by the way, gives us an idea of the type of *Meisterjahre* he might have written, if he had had time to complete what he at least suggested at the end of the *Wanderjahre*. After apologizing to his readers for leaving them in the dark about the fate of so many of his characters who have already departed, he says: "Wir leben jedoch in der Hoffnung, sie dereinst in voller geregelter Tätigkeit, den wahren Wert ihrer verschiedenen Charaktere offenbarend, vergnüglich wieder zu finden" (VIII, 468). Goethe concludes his suggestions in the Gall review in a similarly promising tone:

> Was den Personenbestand betrifft, so hat weder ein epischer noch dramatischer Dichter je zur Auswahl einen solchen Reichtum vor sich gesehen. Die Unzufriedenen beider Weltteile stehn ihm zu Gebot, er kann sie zum Teil nach und nach zugrunde gehen, endlich aber, wenn er seine Favoriten günstig untergebracht hat, die Übrigen stufenweise mit sehr mäßigen Zuständen sich begnügen lassen. Ich behalte mir vor, die Lösung dieser Aufgaben, insofern ich sie erleben sollte, so gründlich als es mir nur möglich zu beurteilen, weil hier eine Gelegenheit wäre, von dem Werte des Stoffs, dem Verdienste des Gehalts, der Genialität der Behandlung, der Gediegenheit der Form hinlängliche Rechenschaft zu geben [XIV, 381].

It is a pity that this review was not republished in connection with the Vietor-Hohlfeld controversy about the meaning of "Ist fortzusetzen" at the end of the *Wanderjahre*; for it certainly can be used to show what Wilhelm Meister's *Meisterjahre* would have been like if Goethe had had time to write it.[4]

Although Goethe thought so highly of Gall's work that he recommended it for study to young authors, he was even more interested in the observations on America which were sent to Weimar periodically by Duke Bernhard, the first Weimarer to travel in the United States. Here were reports of a young man well known to Goethe, and the eagerness with which he read them may be judged from a letter of October 22, 1826 to Wilhelm von Humboldt:

> Das Bild eines recht lebendigen Weltlebens ist übrigens in dieser letzten Zeit in meine Klause gekommen, das mich sehr unterhält: das Journal des Herzogs Bernhard von Weimar, der im April 1825 von Gent abreiste und vor kurzem erst wieder bei uns eintraf. Es its ununterbrochen geschrieben, und da ihm sein Stand, seine Denkweise, sein Betragen in die höchsten Regionen der Gesellschaft einführten, er sich in den mittlern Zuständen behagte und die geringsten nicht verschmähte, so wird man auf eine sehr angenehme Weise durch die mannigfaltigsten Lagen durchgeführt, welche unmittelbar anzuschauen mir wenigstens von großer Bedeutung war [XXI, 709].

These views are repeated in letters to C. F. Zelter and Graf von Sternberg. Goethe had, of course, been reading the journal in sections as it was received in Weimar even before Bernhard's return. It is mentioned

[4] *PMLA*, LIX (1944), 142-183, 1157-1172; LX (1945), 399-426.

frequently in the letters, where it is called "exciting," "highly interesting," and "very instructive." Upon Bernhard's return Goethe himself took an active part in seeing the journal through the press.

Like all travelers of the time, Bernhard visited the Harmony Society, and devotes a great deal of attention to it. What makes his report of particular value is the fact that he visited the third home of the society, as well as the second in Indiana which had just been sold to Robert Owen, who had only recently come from Scotland with his widely publicized "boatload of scholars" to establish his new world in the old Harmonist settlement. Earlier accounts had already been published in Europe and especially in Germany about the plans of the Harmonists to establish an "Auswandererstaat" on the Wabash. The Harmonists had spoken to Thomas Jefferson about the plan and the United States Congress had debated it at great length. They had purchased large areas of land on the Wabash and had sent a committee of elders to Württemberg to invite more Germans to migrate to this territory. They had suggested that Congress subsidize emigration in order to populate the wilderness. The migration threatened to become so heavy that the Württemberg government began a project of land development to hold back some of the people, just as Odoard does in the *Wanderjahre* (VIII, 438-443).[5]

In the ninth chapter of the third book of the *Wanderjahre*, Lenardo gives his great address on the reasons for and the advantages to be derived from group migration, a chapter which ends with the singing of the verse:

> Bleibe nicht am Boden heften,
> Frisch gewagt und frisch hinaus!
> Kopf und Arm mit heitern Kräften
> Überall sind sie zu Haus;
> Wo wir uns der Sonne freuen
> Sind wir jede Sorge los,
> Daß wir uns in ihr zerstreuen
> Darum ist die Welt so groß.

No group of people in the world at that time had given more practical evidence of the truth of these sentiments than the Harmonists, and, shortly before Duke Bernhard's arrival, they had with a very similar song taken leave a third time from homes they had created. Owen himself had been present at their orderly and solemn departure. Duke Bernhard heard Owen's account of the departure and was told about Owen's plans. Bernhard not only gives a vivid acount of this visit and of his conversations with Owen, but also reprints the constitution and plans which Owen had so carefully and laboriously worked out for the communities which he tried to establish and which failed so completely and so soon.

[5] Theodor Steimle, *Die wirtschaftliche und soziale Entwicklung der württ. Brüdergemeinden Korntal und Wilhelmsdorf* (Korntal, 1929).

Soon after his visit with Owen on the Wabash Duke Bernhard met George Rapp and his followers in their third settlement near Pittsburgh. He gives a full and detailed account of life in the community, of the trades practiced there, of the kind of factories in operation, of the good practical sense found throughout the colony. Comparing Rapp's practical success with Owen's more elaborate theories, Bernhard of Weimar concludes: "Herr Rapp hält aber seine Gesellschaft nicht allein durch diese Hoffnung zusammen, sondern auch durch das Band der Religion, welches bei Herrn Owen's Gesellschaft gänzlich fehlt. Die Resultate zeugen für Rapp's System" (II, 205). In view of the emphasis which Bernhard places on religion it is striking that religion is the first point Goethe mentions in the sketch of his "Auswandererstaat."

> Wilhelm ließ sich den Plan im allgemeinen vorzeichnen, und da man mit Landschaft und Gegend genugsam vertraut geworden, auch die Hoffnung besprochen war, in einem ausgedehnten Gebiete schnell eine große Anzahl Bewohner entwikkelt zu sehen, so wendete sich das Gespräch, wie natürlich, zuletzt auf das was Menschen eigentlich zusammenhält: auf Religion und Sitte ... Folgendes ergab sich als die Quintessenz dessen was verhandelt wurde:
>
> Daß der Mensch ins Unvermeidliche sich füge, darauf dringen alle Religionen, jede sucht auf ihre Weise mit dieser Aufgabe fertig zu werden.
>
> Die christliche hilft durch Glaube, Liebe, Hoffnung gar anmutig nach; daraus entsteht denn die Geduld, ein süßes Gefühl, welch eine schätzbare Gabe das Dasein bleibe, auch wenn ihm, anstatt des gewünschten Genusses, das widerwärtigste Leiden aufgebürdet wird. An dieser Religion halten wir fest, aber auf eine eigene Weise; wir unterrichten unsre Kinder von Jugend auf von der großen Vorteilen, die sie uns gebracht hat; dagegen von ihrem Ursprung, von ihrem Verlauf geben wir zuletzt Kenntnis. Alsdann wird uns der Urheber erst lieb und wert, und alle Nachricht die sich auf ihn bezieht wird heilig. In diesem Sinne, den man vielleicht pedantisch nennen mag, aber doch als folgerecht anerkennen muß, dulden wir keinen Juden unter uns; denn wie sollten wir ihm den Anteil an der höchsten Kultur vergönnen, deren Ursprung und Herkommen er verleugnet? [VIII, 433-434].

Like the Harmony Society, the "Auswandererstaat" is specifically described as a Christian society, and its admission policy is like that of the Harmony Society, which restricted membership to Christians and Christians only, but from all denominations. The Harmonists were pragmatic rather than historical in their approach to the religious instruction of their youth.

The "Sittenlehre" of Goethe's emigrant state is described as "rein tätig und wird in den wenigen Geboten begriffen: Mäßigung im Willkürlichen, Emsigkeit im Notwendigen." This was essentially the practice of the Harmonists and, as Goethe comments further, also provided "einen ergiebigen Text zu grenzenloser Ausführung."

Most visitors to the Harmony Society commented on its economy of time and the eagerness to use each hour to best advantage. To keep everyone aware of the passing hour the Harmonists first used a town crier, then a huge bell, made for their special needs in England and shipped up the Mississippi and Wabash to Harmony. At their third

settlement they built a huge clock which struck each quarter hour, exactly as proposed in the "Auswandererstaat" and for the same reason noted there: "Der größte Respekt wird allen eingeprägt für die Zeit als für die höchste Gabe Gottes und der Natur und die aufmerksamste Begleiterin des Daseins" (VIII, 434). Both plans considered the proper division of time and its use as a basic point of "Sittenlehre."

Goethe's plan does not accept the Harmony Society's discouragement of propagation, but agrees completely in placing great weight upon life in the family circle. In the Harmony Society even single persons without family were placed in families, for the same reasons mentioned in the "Auswandererstaat." Like the Harmonists, Goethe called for mutual education: "eigentlich aber kommt alles darauf an, zu gleicher Zeit Lehrer und Schüler zu bilden" (VIII, 435).

Lenardo, like Rapp, is not a theorist but a practical man eager to get to the new home and down to work:

> wir alle sind ungeduldig das Geschäft anzutreten, munter und überzeugt, daß man einfach anfangen müße. So denken wir nicht an Justiz, aber wohl an Polizei. Ihr Grundsatz wird kräftig ausgesprochen: niemand soll dem andern unbequem sein; wer sich unbequem erweist wird beseitigt, bis er begreift wie man sich anstellt um geduldet zu werden [VIII, 436].

This had always been the policy of the Harmony Society. Even the Biblical system of the stages of brotherly admonition, which the Harmonists observed, is taken into the "Auswandererstaat" with only slight modification.

Rapp and Goethe agree in their attitude toward the majority: "Wegen der Majorität haben wir ganz eigne Gedanken; wir lassen sie freilich gelten im notwendigen Weltlauf, im höhern Sinne haben wir aber nicht viel Zutrauen auf sie. Doch darüber darf ich mich nicht weiter auslassen" (VIII, 436). The Harmonists' view could not be stated better.

The "Auswandererstaat," like the Harmony Society, was planned to function in another country under another government. Rapp was determined to take to America only the advantages of the old culture, while Lenardo states: "Die Hauptsache bleibt nur immer daß wir die Vorteile der Kultur mit hinüber nehmen und die Nachteile zurücklassen. Branntweinschenken und Lesebibliotheken werden bei uns nicht geduldet" (VIII, 437). For their insistence on both of these points, especially the first, the Harmonists created much ill feeling among their neighbors, especially while they were on the Wabash.

Goethe was not interested in a state of religious communists, so he did not accept the pacifism and the community ownership of property which the Harmonists practiced. However, his proposed state was conceived along socialistic lines, and provision was accordingly made for a soak-the-rich taxation plan, as we may conclude from the words: "Wächst nach und nach der Besitz der Staatsbürger, so zwackt man ihnen auch

davon ab, weniger oder mehr, wie sie verdienen daß man ihnen von dieser Seite wehe tue" (VIII, 437). These were the general points on which Lenardo reported agreement; but, in summarizing it all, he repeats: "Die Hauptsache wird aber sein, wenn wir uns an Ort und Stelle befinden." This had always been Harmonist policy in contrast to that of Robert Owen, as Duke Bernhard pointed out in his journal.

The greatest effect on Goethe of his reading of reports on America was the emphasis on practicality, "Tätigkeit." This becomes very apparent when we compare the "Pädagogische Provinz" with the "Auswandererstaat" and note the great changes Goethe makes in his main characters. Almost all are trained for a trade in America. The first version of the *Wanderjahre* knew nothing of the need to prepare for a definite "Metier," as Goethe called it in his outlines for the revision. The theme of practicality is introduced by Jarno-Montan with his vigorous criticism:

> Narrenpossen sind eure allgemeine Bildung und alle Anstalten dazu. Daß ein Mensch etwas ganz entschieden verstehe, vorzüglich leiste, wie nicht leicht ein anderer in der nächsten Umgebung, darauf kommt es an, und besonders in unserm Verbande spricht es sich von selbst aus [VIII, 305].

These words are spoken by Montan in the name of the now streamlined "Turm." Wilhelm follows Jarno-Montan's advice and vigorous example. Goethe had to make many revisions in the *Wanderjahre* to fit Wilhelm's completely changed attitude into the novel.

The glorious cultural mission of the actor in the early *Theatralische Sendung* is now scorned as "Lebensgewackel und Geschnatter," and the revision is so drastic that Goethe interrupts the course of the narrative to say:

> Mag doch der Redakteur dieser Bogen hier selbst gestehen: daß er mit einigem Unwillen diese wunderliche Stelle durchgehen läßt. Hat er nicht auch in vielfachem Sinn mehr Leben und Kräfte als billig dem Theater zugewendet? und könnte man ihn wohl überzeugen, daß dies ein unverzeihlicher Irrtum, eine fruchtlose Bemühung gewesen? [VIII, 280].

Wilhelm, partly under the influence of Jarno-Montan, has become so weary of academic learning that he is determined to take up medicine, but not as a profession, with all the academic study this would imply, but as a trade. He wants to become a "Chirurg," a glorified old-time barber, who will be useful in the New World. So it is with the rest. Philene becomes a pattern cutter, Lydie a seamstress and sewing teacher, Friedrich a practical secretary, while Felix is prepared for a life on the range as a cowhand. German scholars like Hering either are not sufficiently aware of the American background against which Goethe revised the *Wanderjahre* or want to cover their wounded European pride when they suggest that Felix is being trained to follow in the dignified footsteps of Frau von Stein's husband; but Goethe knew that the New World would have little patience with an "Oberstallmeister."

The most striking overall change in the revised *Wanderjahre*, then, is its utilitarianism. Except for the Abbé, who shrinks into the background, there is not a humanist, poet, painter, musician, actor, scholar, or academically trained person in the "Auswandererstaat." It is a state made up of "Handwerker," men prepared to practice useful trades. It is not the Robert Owen state with its famous boatload of scholars, about which Goethe had been so fully informed by Duke Bernhard's firsthand reports, but a state patterned after George Rapp's practical Harmonists, who had proved their ability to all the world—and to Duke Bernhard—by creating three successful communities in the wilderness. The members of Goethe's "Auswandererstaat" are men "von allem Wissensqualm entladen," suitable candidates for American citizenship. "Wo ich nütze," that is decisive. The final revision of *Wilhelm's Meister's Wanderjahre* seems to be a denial of everything that Goethe himself had stood for, all of which helps explain the deep significance and perhaps bitter resignation of the subtitle, "Die Entsagenden."

Clark University

THE REAPER AND THE SPARROW: A STUDY IN ROMANTIC STYLE

KARL KROEBER

THE STUDENT of post-Renaissance literature is unhappy with "romanticism." He doesn't like the word, and the complex of facts and forces which it inadequately labels disrupts the order and tranquillity of his work. But in the twentieth century both the attackers and the defenders of "romanticism" have insisted with increasing vigor that some meaningful definition of the term be established. The purpose of this essay is to suggest such a definition by localizing "the problem of romanticism" in a comparison of two poems, Wordsworth's "The Solitary Reaper" and Leopardi's "Il passero solitario."[1]

If we accept the premise that comparative analysis is a useful means for defining complex literary movements, we should have no difficulty in admitting the applicability of these two poems to the specific problem with which this paper is concerned. Superficially similar, both poems would surely be labelled "romantic" by any reasonable critic. Moreover, comparative analysis seeks unconscious parallels and inadvertent similarities, not influences; and, although the life spans of Wordsworth and Leopardi overlapped, neither poet was aware of the other's work. Coincidences of manner, theme, and technique can be ascribed, therefore, only to the two poets' participation in a common style, particularly since the personal, intellectual, social, political, and geographical backgrounds of Wordsworth and Leopardi were totally different.

Each of these poets is generally accepted as an outstanding expositor of his nation's particular kind of romanticism. It is that circumstance, perhaps, as much as details of critical analysis, which has suggested the comparison to other critics. In 1927 Geoffrey L. Bickersteth, whose scholarly translation of the *Canti* has probably done more than any other single work to make Leopardi known to English readers, delivered the annual Italian lecture of the British Academy on this subject.[2] Mr. Bickersteth points out that the poets drew from like sources for their poetry, that both, for example, knew country life better than urban life, that both preferred solitude to society, that both chose the "Mind of Man" as "the main region of their song," and that both aimed at writing poetry distinguished by its "unadorned simplicity." He then devotes the main body of his comparison to "the same three grounds" upon which

[1] See pp. 212-214. This comparison is one of a series which I hope will eventually add exactness and completeness to the tentative outlines suggested in this paper.

[2] Geoffrey L. Bickersteth, *Leopardi and Wordsworth* (London, 1927).

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the fame of Leopardi and Wordsworth rests—they are both great political poets, great nature poets, and great poetical theorists. Here Mr. Bickersteth so generalizes his comparison as to drain it of specific meaning, and it is only in his detailed analysis of the similarities between "Il risorgimento" and "Tintern Abbey" that he gives the reader real insight into the special nature of the poets' genius.

Nevertheless, his essay is a valuable corrective to the more celebrated and influential comparison made by Matthew Arnold in the preface to his edition of Byron's poems. Arnold begins by contrasting Leopardi and Byron (he thinks Byron's "poetic value" is greater) and then attempts to elucidate that contrast by comparing the Italian poet to Wordsworth. The essential superiority of Wordsworth Arnold summarizes thus:

> Where, then, is Wordsworth's superiority? for the worth of what he has given us in poetry I hold to be greater on the whole, than the worth of what Leopardi has given us. It is in Wordsworth's sound and profound sense
>
> "Of joy in widest commonalty spread";
>
> whereas Leopoldi remains with his thoughts ever fixed upon the *essenza insanabile,* upon the *acerbo, indegno mistero delle cose.* It is in the power with which Wordsworth feels the resources of joy offered to us in nature, offered to us in the primary human affections and duties, and in the power with which in his moments of inspiration he renders this joy and makes us, too, feel it... As compared with Leopardi, Wordsworth, though at many points less lucid, though far less a master of style, far less of an artist, gains so much by his criticism of life being, in certain matters of profound importance, healthful and true, whereas Leopardi's pessimism is not, that the value of Wordsworth's poetry, on the whole, stands higher for us than that of Leopardi's...[3]

Arnold's judgment, as Mr. Bickersteth points out, is neither quite so vague nor quite so superficial as it may at first appear,[4] and the influence of these few lines has been pervasive in subsequent critical attitudes. Here Arnold establishes a stereotype of judgment for Wordsworth and Leopardi which persists today.

But Arnold's comparison is dangerously misleading. His remarks focus attention upon those ideas which are easily extractable from Leopardi's poetry rather than upon the artistry with which they are given aesthetic form. For the English or American reader not possessed of fluency in the Italian language nor deeply read in Italian literature, this is all too natural, anyway. And, in using the label "pessimist" as a final judgment of Leopardi, Arnold equivocates. Sophocles is at least as "pessimistic" as Leopardi; yet readers, including Arnold, have for many centuries found his plays the most mature kind of "criticism of life."

On the other hand, in making joy the essential virtue of Words-

[3] Matthew Arnold, *Poems of Byron* (London, 1887), p. viii.
[4] Bickersteth, *op. cit.*, pp. 3-7.

worth's poetry, Arnold has done his idol less than justice. Joy is important in Wordsworth's poetry, but Arnold slights the role of suffering, discouragement, and alienation. The joy of maturity celebrated by Wordsworth is always attained through pain, strife, and denial; it is an achieved serenity; it is not as cheaply won as Arnold's criticism suggests.

Here, as elsewhere, Arnold insists upon the "healthful" nature of his favorite's poetry, and so tends to obscure the tragic qualities in Wordsworth, his intensities, his stubborn individuality, the fierce austerity of his stern and often narrow morality. Arnold is determined to make Wordsworth a "healer." His bias would not matter much—he is still in many ways one of the best critics of Wordsworth—if he did not found upon that bias value judgments which must distort the English or American critic's response to continental romantic literature. One of the impressive qualities of romanticism is the independent integrity of its national manifestations. If we bring to the criticism of the romantic style as a European phenomenon criteria that are too narrow and too parochial, we shall not be able to do justice to the complexity of the movement as a whole or arrive at a valid understanding of its essential and international characteristics.

It seems worthwhile, therefore, to attempt a more concrete comparison between Wordsworth and Leopardi, one which will aim less at judging general merit than at deducing specific correspondences. We shall examine Wordsworth's poem first.

"The Solitary Reaper" is a drastically stylized poem. Wordsworth simplifies by omitting particularities. The reaper is seen only in the bold outline of essential gesture. We are told nothing about the girl, what her face is like, how she wears her hair, the color of her dress. There is only the primeval pose, the figure bent to cut and bind the grain. Even the words of her song are missing. Because she sings in Gaelic, the observing poet cannot know the sense of what she sings; he knows only that she sings. Throughout the poem simplification is apparent in Wordsworth's diction and rhythms. His sentences and phrases are short and uncomplicated—"I listened, motionless and still"—and his words simple, commonplace, and often generalized and unspecific: "old, unhappy, far-off *things*."

Wordsworth "distances" his subject. The opening admonition, "Behold her," keeps the primary object of the poem at a distance from the observer. And the metaphors of the desert and of the ocean, along with the depth of the valley in which she toils, the "Vale profound," keep the girl in far perspective, diminish her figure. Wordsworth also "distances" the girl in time. She sings "As if her song could have no ending." She is fixed, unchanging. But the poet comes, there is the sudden "Behold," and then he passes on:

> The music in my heart I bore
> Long after it was heard no more.

His movement toward and away from the girl is dramatized by shifting moods and tenses of the verbs: first the present imperative, then a strong declarative followed by interrogatives, and, in the final stanza, a shift to a thoughtful declarative in the past tense.

Finally, Wordsworth isolates. Except for the simplified setting provided by "Vale profound," there is no particularity of landscape. And four times in the first five lines Wordsworth insists upon the solitariness of the girl. He forces the reader to observe a single human being in ritualistic posture and isolation.

The sense of ritual which inheres in the scene does not arise solely from the girl's occupation of reaping and binding. The obscurity of her song makes it possible for Wordsworth to suggest to the reader what the sound suggested to him: "... old, unhappy, far-off things, / And battles long ago: / ... natural sorrow, loss, or pain, / That has been, and may be again." Thus in her figure and her voice are contained all the essential elements of human existence—work, art, war, and the common round of domestic life. As a creature of ritual the reaper for a transient instant can personify the continuum of human existence on earth. Her song, indeed, has "no ending." Not Wordsworth alone but each of us[5] bears within his heart that "melancholy strain" which "overflows" this "Vale profound."

In Leopardi's "Il passero solitario" the techniques of stylization, simplification, isolation, and distancing operate as significantly in the temporal dimension as in the spatial. Time, as we have just seen, plays an important part in "The Solitary Reaper." But "Il passero solitario" is manifestly about the passage of time, and the artistic strategy of the poem consists largely in the poet's maneuvering of temporal relationships.

The poem has three parts, but two aspects. Leopardi gives us the experience of the bird in itself; then, projecting himself into the future, he forces us to comprehend that experience in the perspective of a distant past. This temporal movement serves the same purpose as the spatial simplifications and isolations we noted in "The Solitary Reaper" —to free the primary object of poetic perception from its superficial entanglement with its environment in order to dramatize its essential and enduring features. In other words, the poet, without destroying the "reality" of the object, attempts to suppress its normal ecology. In

[5] That the significance of the reaper's song is not for Wordsworth alone is indicated, I think, by the poet's careful introduction of an ambiguity. Who and how many are with the speaker when he "sees" the reaper? In the last stanza Wordsworth speaks as if he were alone; but the opening "Behold" presupposes the presence of at least one fellow traveler, and the line "Will no one tell me what she sings?" suggests no less than a tour.

"Il passero solitario" this is an especially delicate undertaking, for the poet must isolate twice: first the bird itself and then his experience of the bird. Hence the importance of the temporal dimension in the poem.

The first isolation Leopardi accomplishes by means of contrasts similar to those discussed in the analysis of "The Solitary Reaper." The bird is not described visually at all;[6] the implication is, indeed, that it is scarcely visible. Hidden, pensive, and motionless, only its voice wandering through the valley, the sparrow perches on the ruined tower, while the other birds are seen as silent swirls of joyful motion in the bright air of a spring sunset.

The second section of the poem is transitional. It develops a comparison of the lives of poet and bird, a comparison which we shall see later in one sense negated. The comparison is first generalized (both poet and bird waste their *primavera*), then particularized (the poet avoids his merrymaking fellow villagers as the sparrow avoids its companions "festeggiando il lor tempo migliore"); finally, the description of the sunset is a return to the idea of vanishing youth, now seen not solely in terms of the poet-bird relationship but in terms of the poet's relation to nature as a whole.

Only in the third section of the poem, after sunset, when the sparrow is already a thing of the past, does Leopardi[7] project himself into the future, into old age. Without the transitional second section of the poem, without the "removal" of the experience of the bird into the past, the psychological projection into the future in the third section would be strained and artificial. But the second section does much more than permit the smooth relating of temporal elements. It introduces the crucial contrast between the bird as a creature of nature and the poet as a creature of more than nature.

The contrast, which strongly modifies if it does not reverse the original comparison, is, of course, that at its death the sparrow will not regret its life, whereas the poet will regret his. The poet will be conscious

[6] Even the name of the bird is indefinite. *Il passero* is, technically, a sparrow. But all we know of the bird suggests a thrush rather than a sparrow, and Bickersteth links the *passero solitario* to the *passera solitaria*, the blue rock thrush (*The Poems of Leopardi*, Cambridge, 1923, p. 429, note 2). For Leopardi, the "source" of his bird was almost surely Petrarch's sonnet "Passer mai solitario in alcun tetto," where the sense is "song bird" rather than a specific species.

[7] I use "Leopardi" here (and elsewhere "Wordsworth") as a convenience. It is important to observe, however, that in these poems (and in many others of the romantic era) the speaker, the "I," is a lyric mask, is not meant to represent the actual, historical person of the author. To the romantics the lyric poem in the first person was a kind of genre, one which they felt free to adopt without thereby committing themselves to autobiography, though of course they were on occasion thoroughly autobiographical. But one need only glance through Blake's lyrics, for example, to realize that the appearance of "I" in a romantic poem does not label it as a personal document, explicable primarily in terms of its author's biography. As is well known, "The Solitary Reaper" is based on Wordsworth's reading rather than on his experience.

of his "beata gioventú"; the bird will not. What is important in this contrast is that it is not simply a lament for the poet's misfortune to be a conscious man and a celebration of the sparrow's luck to be a purely instinctual creature. If that were the point of the contrast, "Il passero solitario" would be a feeble poem.

It is not a feeble poem, and the distinction it draws is subtle but basic. The bird is instinctive, "natural." The poet is "natural," too. He, too, has instincts; his existence is, like the bird's, primarily determined by biological laws; he must grow old and die. But there is added to the poet's "naturalness" something else, something not given to the bird, something not "natural." That something is the poet's civilization.

Perhaps it would be more literally accurate to substitute the term "consciousness" for "civilization." But to employ "consciousness," the power of self-contemplation, of deliberate organization of memory, is to raise the problem (fundamentally semantic) of whether or not consciousness is "natural." And Leopardi is definite in distinguishing himself from the bird in terms of the differences between an instinctive creature which participates without premeditation in the cycle of the natural world and a creature which, of its own volition, inhibits or at least resists its necessary role in the perpetual, "natural" process of creation and destruction. What inhibits and resists the "natural" is the "artificial," and the term which best encompasses all of man's artifices is civilization. In other words, "Il passero solitario" is a humanistic poem; it celebrates civilized life.

Celebrates? Yes, in the sense that tragedy celebrates.[8] In tragedy the protagonist is destroyed but the process of his destruction operates upon the viewer affirmatively; it reintegrates, it does not disintegrate. In "Il passero solitario" the speaker predicts: "spesso / Ma sconsolato, volgerommi indietro." This does not mean that Leopardi's intention was to discourage us or that the effect of the realization brought about by the poem is destructive, as Arnold apparently believed it to be. At this point it will be helpful to consider "Il passero solitario" and "The Solitary Reaper" together.

Both poems awaken the consciousness that our civilization, which most of the time engrosses all of our attention, is imposed upon natural creatures, that beneath the laws of our civilization are the more fundamental biological laws which ultimately will exert their power over each of us individually. As the solitary girl carries into Wordsworth's heart the forgotten music of the primeval cycles of man's life, so the sparrow arouses in Leopardi's heart the remembrance of all that will ultimately

[8] It is precisely this point that Arnold missed in his criticism of Leopardi, and it is suggestive that Arnold is frequently at his most inept when discussing tragedy. See, for example, his remarks on the language of *Lear* (too "artificial") and on the plot of *Antigone* ("no longer one in which it is possible that we should feel a deep interest") in his Preface to the 1853 edition of his poems.

seem fruitless and trivial when, in the evening of life, nature reasserts her dominion. Both poems, it seems to me, are "strengthening" in that they recall us, through the isolation of significant experiences, to the truth that we are not merely natural, that our civilization is added to our biological nature. Death is not to us as it is to the bird the mere termination of an unreflective life. Our burden, as "The Solitary Reaper" makes clear, is heavier; the complex music of humanity is "melancholy." But, if our burden is heavier, it is not for that reason less noble.[9] We have memory and consciousness. To exercise them properly will not make us happy—neither Wordsworth nor Leopardi is so cheaply optimistic—but it will prove to us to be men.[10] To assert the viability of the specifically human in the midst of a fully realized natural world is, I submit, a primary function of romantic lyric poetry.

Furthermore, as has already been suggested, the art of "Il passero solitario" and "The Solitary Reaper" is characterized by a suppression of the ecology of the poetic object. In these poems, traditions of scholarly criticism to the contrary, we do not find Wordsworth and Leopardi concentrating upon "the thing in itself." We know almost nothing of the bird and of the girl in themselves. What we do know is the emotional relationship of the poet to the primary object of his experience. All qualities of the object are omitted except those which precipitate a particular feeling in the poet. In these poems object becomes event.[11]

Herein resides the apparent egotism of Wordsworth and Leopardi (and many other romantic poets). An event has a plot, it requires relationship. These poets focus upon emotional events, and therefore require two elements in their poems—an object and an experiencer of the object. But that is all. The particularities of both object and poet are irrelevant—the current of feeling that flows between two poles is the concern, and the particular constitution of the poles does not so much matter. Anything beyond what is necessary to make the current flow is excluded. Both poet and object of perception are reduced to archetypal essentials. Indeed, the accusation of "egotism" so often made against Wordsworth and Leopardi is usually exaggerated. We know the personalities of the two poets, as distinct historical entities, chiefly from their bad poetry. In "The Solitary Reaper" and "Il passero solitario"

[9] The point at issue is central to much romantic literature. Perhaps the most explicit intellectual statement of the problem occurs in the argument between Cimourdain and Guavain in Book VII, Chap. 5, of Hugo's *Ninety-Three*.

[10] The full exercise of his civilized consciousness does not constitute happiness for Achilles, but his repentance, like that which Leopardi looks forward to, proves him to be a man, not merely a magnificently violent animal.

[11] Here (and throughout the following discussion) I use "event" as A. N. Whitehead does in *Science and the Modern World* (New York, 1925), that is, without the connotations given the term by empiricist philosophers, simply as a happening, an occurrence, "the emergence into actuality" of something more than a single, isolated object.

we find little that is peculiarly and exclusively part of Wordsworth's and Leopardi's personalities. No one would claim that all romantic poetry is "objective" in this fashion; but a substantial number of romantic lyrics do focus upon the emotional current flowing between an isolated, simplified, and stylized object of perception and a percipient who is best identified not as a particular historical personage but as the quintessence or the archetype of the poetic mind.[12]

The transformation of object into event also explains the "organic" organization of "The Solitary Reaper" and "Il passero solitario," their freedom from conventional structure.[13] Neither poem is cast in the mold of a traditional, formalized organization. The rhythm of the verse, the diction, and the rhymes are controlled not so much by the requirements of a formal pattern as by the nature of the event which the poem "recreates." These poems are organized from within, not from without. This in all probability would not be so if the poems aimed at describing things in themselves. To describe an object meaningfully we probably require the coherence provided by an objective pattern, though the pattern may have no necessary relation to the object rendered. But an event perceived as an event possesses its own pattern, its "plot." If the poet can reproduce the conditions of the occurrence, he has obtained all the organization and pattern necessary and desirable; less organization would mean failure to recreate the event for the reader, more, the deadening of event into static object. Hence the small concern in "Il passero solitario" and "The Solitary Reaper" for fixed, traditional poetic patterns and the strong efforts to exclude all but those elements essential to the recreation of the emotional "flow."

This kind of simplification seems not merely typical of many romantic lyrics but also a defining limit to the romantic achievement. It appears to me significant that to Wordsworth the solitary reaper becomes only an archetypal creature and that Leopardi is concerned with a bird rather than with one of the inhabitants of his village. The poetic technique of isolation and reduction leads toward dehumanization. Wordsworth and Leopardi create or recreate events, but only events of a relatively simple kind. To give the object of their experience a consciousness as sensitive and mobile as their own would perhaps have raised problems too complex for them to handle successfully.[14] Their virtues, like those of many

[12] This seems to me to be the case, for example, in Keats's "Ode to a Nightingale," Eichendorff's "Die Nacht," and Hugo's "Saison de semailles: le soir."

[13] Shelley's "The Cloud" provides a striking instance of the relationship between the romantic poet's transformation of object into event and his preference for "organic" organization.

[14] At least so I judge from the circumstance that nowhere in Wordsworth's or Leopardi's poetry is there a fully delineated character. Wherever "realistic" characterization might be appropriate and helpful, in "The Excursion" or "Bruto minore," for example, we find a reduction of the individual human being to an archetypal form.

modern painters, are predicated upon the exclusion of some of art's most complicated problems.

The comparison to modern painting is not ingenuous; for one further feature of the art of "Il passero solitario" and "The Solitary Reaper" that may be typical of romantic poetry is perhaps best described by an analogy to modern painting. The three-headed ladies and broken billiard tables of some modern art are the result of the painter's attempt to present on one canvas a subject seen not in a single instant of time but in a series of instants. Distortion results from presentation in time as well as in space.

Wordsworth and Leopardi also insist upon temporal as well as spatial perspective. Hence the common opinion that they are both poets of reminiscence. In "The Solitary Reaper" and "Il passero solitario" we can see, however, that reminiscence is a means rather than an end. In both poems, superficially so static, we find considerable complexity of temporal movement. In "The Solitary Reaper" we move not merely from the instant of first vision to a time "long after" the song "was heard no more," but, through stanza three, into a contemplation of the relation of "long ago" to "today," of "what has been" to what "may be again." In "Il passero solitario" we move from the presence of the sparrow in daylight to loneliness among darkening fields and, finally, to ideas of the distant future, a future which is portrayed in terms of the bird's relation to the waning of a brilliant day.

None of this shifting is gratuitous, solely for its own sake. Each poem has as its core an event, and events occur in time. Temporal as well as spatial embodiment is required in the poetic dramatization of events. The poems, like many contemporary paintings, include past, present, and future—hence the appearance of an overly elaborate treatment of seemingly simple subject matter common to much romantic poetry and to much modern painting. The analogy in itself is not significant, but it suggests a final and most important revelation of the character of romantic poetry which "The Solitary Reaper" and "Il passero solitario" have to offer—that the world portrayed by the romantic poet is conceived not merely as *place* but also as *time*. And it is this conception which enables him to portray "nature" with a vividness and reality beyond the reach of his neoclassic predecessor, even when, as in "The Solitary Reaper" and "Il passero solitario," the romantic poet stylizes drastically in order to assert the significant independence of man from the natural universe.

In summation, then, we may say that a comparative analysis of "The Solitary Reaper" and "Il passero solitario" suggests that the romantic style may be distinguished by its vivid representations of nature, which representations, however, are not descriptively static, because they portray the natural world in time as well as in space. These depictions of

the natural world, moreover, are "organically" organized, their structure being in part at least dependent upon the romantic poet's presentation of events involving emotional "flow" rather than of "things in themselves." It has been suggested, furthermore, that these characteristics are closely related to the romantic desire for the kind of severe simplification and isolation which produces archetypal figures and objects, and that these archetypes, while demonstrating the romantic poet's concern with the value of human civilization, indicate a primary limitation of the romantic style—its tendency toward dehumanization.

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THE SOLITARY REAPER

Behold her, single in the field,
Yon solitary Highland Lass!
Reaping and singing by herself;
Stop here, or gently pass!
Alone she cuts and binds the grain,
And sings a melancholy strain;
O listen! for the Vale profound
Is overflowing with the sound.

No Nightingale did ever chaunt
More welcome notes to weary bands
Of travellers in some shady haunt,
Among Arabian sands:
A voice so thrilling ne'er was heard
In spring-time from the Cuckoo-bird,
Breaking the silence of the seas
Among the farthest Hebrides.

Will no one tell me what she sings?—
Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow
For old, unhappy, far-off things,
And battles long ago:
Or is it some more humble lay,
Familiar matter of to-day?
Some natural sorrow, loss, or pain,
That has been, and may be again?

Whate'er the theme, the Maiden sang
As if her song could have no ending;
I saw her singing at her work,
And o'er the sickle bending;—
I listened, motionless and still;
And, as I mounted up the hill
The music in my heart I bore,
Long after it was heard no more.

Il Passero Solitario

D'in su la vetta della torre antica,
Passero solitario, alla campagna
Cantando vai finché non more il giorno;
Ed erra l'armonia per questa valle.
Primavera dintorno
Brilla nell'aria, e per li campi esulta,
Sí ch'a mirarla intenerisce il core.
Odi greggi belar, muggire armenti,
Gli altri augelli contenti, a gara insieme
Per lo libero ciel fan mille giri,
Pur festeggiando il lor tempo migliore:
Tu pensoso in disparte il tutto miri;
Non compagni, non voli,
Non ti cal d'allegria, schivi gli spassi;
Canti, e cosí trapassi
Dell'anno e di tua vita il piú bel fiore.
Oimè, quanto somiglia
Al tuo costume il mio! Sollazzo e riso,
Della novella età dolce famiglia,
E te german di giovinezza, amore,
Sospiro acerbo de' provetti giorni,
Non curo, io non so come; anzi da loro
Quasi fuggo lontano;
Quasi romito, e strano
Al mio loco natio,
Passo del viver mio la primavera.
Questo giorno ch'omai cede alla sera,
Festeggiar si costuma al nostro borgo,
Odi per lo sereno un suon di squilla,
Odi spesso un tonar di ferree canne,
Che rimbomba lontan di villa in villa.
Tutta vestita a festa
La gioventú del loco
Lascia le case, e per le vie si spande;
E mira ed è mirata, e in cor s'allegra.
Io solitario in questa
Rimota parte alla campagna uscendo,
Ogni diletto e gioco
Indugio in altro tempo: e intanto il guardo
Steso nell'aria aprica
Mi fere il Sol che tra lontani monti,
Dopo il giorno sereno,
Cadendo si dilegua, e par che dica
Che la beata gioventú vien meno.
Tu, solingo augellin, venuto a sera
Del viver che daranno a te le stelle,
Certo del tuo costume
Non ti dorrai; che di natura è frutto
Ogni vostra vaghezza.

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A me, se di vecchiezza
La detestata soglia
Evitar non impetro,
Quando muti questi occhi all'altrui core,
E lor fia vòto il mondo, e il dí futuro
Del dí presente piú noioso e tetro,
Che parrà di tal voglia?
Che di quest'anni miei? che di me stesso?
Ahi pentirommi, e spesso,
Ma sconsolato, volgerommi indietro.

THE COLONIAL NOVEL IN INDONESIA

JUSTUS M. VAN DER KROEF

THE RECENT success in the United States of the translation of Maria Dermout's novel, *The Ten Thousand Things*,[1] suggests that at last a much-neglected aspect of Western literature, the work of the writers of the vanishing colonial era in Africa and Asia, may have become eligible for wider public interest. Only Kipling has attained broad popularity in this literary genre; and, strictly speaking, he is not wholly a part of it, since colonial literature is typically the product of Eurasian culture and style of living, in the knowledge and understanding of which the chronicler of Anglo-India has proved, in retrospect, to have been far from proficient. Colonial literature tends to revolve around the novel of manners, the tale of allegedly characteristic "conditions" in colonial society, while for a Conrad or a Maugham the tropical environment of Southeast Asia is at best only the décor for a description of universal human foibles. Even in the literature of the metropolitan powers the colonial contribution has only recently begun to attract attention; in the colonial, or former colonial, nations themselves this contribution is often mistakenly regarded as an alien element beyond the interest of the developing national literatures. The following pages, by focusing on the modern novel in the colonial epoch of Indonesia, will suggest that there is here an inadequately explored area of literary effort in the Western tradition.

The distinguishing characteristic of this novel is its social setting and cultural atmosphere, both of which derive from the peculiar style of living of the European community in its nineteenth- and twentieth-century Indonesian environment. Netherlanders and other Westerners came to Indonesia as early as the sixteenth century; but their contact with the Indonesian world tended to be confined largely to the formal channels of trade, and the literary effort of the servants of the Dutch East India Company usually reflected the egocentricities of stodgy Calvinistic burgherdom with only passing interest in the life of "de Swarten" (the blacks, i.e., the Indonesians).[2] Not until the late eighteenth century, when the community of Dutch born and bred overseas had appreciably grown and the Eurasian had become an accepted member of that community, was the mold of the new colonial literature forged. From traders the Dutch became primarily administrators and planters, living on large estates in spacious and often elaborate dwellings that

[1] Translated by Hans Koningsberger, New York, 1958. The original Dutch version was published in 1955.

[2] On Dutch colonial literature in the period of the East India Company, see the anthology of Edgar Du Perron, *De Muze van Jan Companjie* (Bandung, 1948).

provided the backdrop for the style of living of the colonial country gentlemen—government official, army officer, sugar baron.

In manners, dress, food, and recreational habits a synthesis of Western and Oriental elements became gradually evident, suffused with an aristocratic temper that was part of the character of Dutch colonial policy toward the Indonesian. Where earlier Dutchmen had kept the heavy woolens of their European clothing—inspired by the common theory that protection was afforded against the disease-ridden tropical air—the colonial gentleman and lady took to wearing the lighter cottons and muslins of Chinese and Indonesian manufacture, and thus the *slaapbroek*, the Shantung jacket, the sarong, and the *kabaja* passed into common usage. Ostentatious hospitality, elaborate meals, including the multi-course *rijsttafel* (an overpowering menu of rice, with hotly curried side dishes of meats, fruits, and vegetables), an antiquarian interest in the heavy oak baroque furniture of the era of the East India Company, a fondness for hunting, a tolerant eclecticism in matters pertaining to the supernatural and its worship (in which membership in the Reformed Church blended happily with unhesitating repair to Indonesian soothsayers and shamans in times of personal crisis), an acute rank consciousness, exacerbated by the hierarchical structure of the colonial service, with its uniforms and personal guards and its pomp and circumstance modeled after Javanese royal and aristocratic traditions—all these formed the ethos of the society and the culture that the colonial Indonesian novel of *tempo doeloe* (old times) sought to portray. The European élite in the nineteenth century, unlike that of the next era, accepted this comfortable fusion of East and West without hesitation; norms were Eurasian, and the Netherlander newly posted to estate, encampment, or office in the Indies who sought to preserve his European style of living was soon disabused of the idea by the standard rough-friendly admonition of his superior: "Don't let me hear from you again until you've stowed away a ton of rice and know how to tandakken."[3]

[3] On the early Dutch colonial country homes and estates and their furniture, see V. I. van de Wall, *Indische Landhuizen en hun Geschiedenis* (Batavia, 1932), *Oude Hollandsche Buitenplaatsen van Batavia* (Deventer, 1943), and *Het Hollandsche Koloniale Barokmeubel* (The Hague, Ghent, 1939). The *slaapbroek* (sleeping trousers) were light muslin pajama-like trousers, used for informal dress even outdoors. They were probably first worn extensively by the Chinese in Indonesia, later adopted by the colonial army, and from there passed into general use. The *kabaja* is a light, almost transparent cotton jacket worn by women. On these and other features of colonial dress see Victor Ido, *Indië in den Goeden Ouden Tijd* (2nd ed., Bandung, 1949), II, 19-21. See also A. W. Weitzel, *Batavia in 1858 of Schetsen en Beelden uit de Hoofdstad van Neerlandsch-Indië* (Batavia, 1860), and F. de Haan, *Oud Batavia* (Bandung, 1935). "Tandakken" refers to the Westernized Indonesian style of ballroom dancing, proficiency in which marked the seasoned colonial. On other features of nineteenth-century Dutch colonial society in Indonesia, see J. M. van der Kroef, "The Indonesian Eurasian and His Culture," *Phylon*, XVI (1955), 448-462, and H. J. de Graaf, *Geschiedenis van Indonesië* (The Hague, Bandung, 1949), pp. 445-453.

The tradition of the colonial novel in Indonesia as a novel of manners commences with the efforts of three women authors, the Mesdames Sloot, Vanger-Frank, and Ijzerman-Junius, whose works span the decades between 1860 and 1890. By this time literary aspirations and a concern with matters of culture had long since stirred some members of the Dutch colonial community. The Batavian Association for Arts and Sciences, destined to become the principal focal point of public cultural interest in Indonesia, had been founded as early as 1778. In 1838 the first periodical, the *Tijdschrift voor Neerland's Indië*, appeared, followed in 1840 by the first issue of *Lakschmi*, a yearbook wholly devoted to belles lettres.

In the subsequent decades other, usually shortlived, periodicals, including *Warnasarie* and *Biang Lala*—principally journals of opinion and literary-philosophical "annuals"—offered an outlet to budding authors.[4] Heavy censorship by the colonial authorities, as well as a strong tendency to copy the verbose moralizing of contemporary popular preacher-authors in The Netherlands, impaired the spontaneous development of local talent. For this reason the three women novelists represent something of a new departure, for their gossipy and heavily melodramatic stories in a way provide a colonial counterpart of the new realism that was gradually beginning to stir Dutch letters at this time. It is true that the works of Marie Sloot, who wrote under the pseudonym Melati van Java, and of M. C. Frank (Mrs. M. Vanger-Frank) rarely rise above the sentimentalities of a nineteenth-century sweet young thing; yet here were offered the first insights into the petty intrigues, the flirtations and misdirected romances, the values, the sense of hierarchy, and the monotony of life in bureaucratic service or on lonely plantations of the developing colonial community. The style and plots of these novels are reminiscent of American "pulp" magazines devoted to "thrilling love." There is the breath-taking meeting at a ball or during an evening ride with parents in the family carriage, the clandestine and unchaperoned rendezvous, the exchange of love letters via sympathetic house servants (and in one instance even via a passing bottle vendor), the artfully contrived "misunderstanding" arranged by jealous friends of the girl or spiteful superiors of the young man, and finally the dénouement, complete with official commendations for suspicions nobly borne, promotions in rank, repatriation to Holland, and marriage.

It was Mrs. J. Ijzerman-Junius, writing under the pseudonym Annie Foore, who perfected this style. The titles of her novels are indicative of the genre: *The Colonial Soldier and His Colonel* (1877), *Indian Marriages* (1887), and *Out of Our Indian Family Life* (1887). The best of her books is probably *Bogoriana* (1889), a loosely knit tale of an

[4] On these early periodicals see Edgar Du Perron, *Indies Memorandum* (Amsterdam, 1946), pp. 95-109.

ambitious official, his sentimental wife, and her distant cousin, an officer in the colonial army, who embarks on an affair with her but is too honorable to consummate it. The scene is Bogor (or Buitenzorg), the residence of the governor general in West Java, a highly rank-conscious community of civil servants and their snobbish wives. *Borgoriana* captures the atmosphere of this colonial society perfectly. There is the proud wife of a governor just from Holland, for whom the sarong and *kabaja* worn by European women in colonial Indonesia is a native "pajama suit" and who, in effect, prohibits other ladies from wearing them in public. One day she meets in the park a lady who apparently has decided to ignore her edict and strolls along in sarong and *kabaja*. The governor's lady, greatly incensed, refuses to greet the culprit as they meet; the latter, undaunted, sends a servant around with the message that if "madam is saluting a dress and not the person she will in future have her servant carry her dress ahead of her" when she goes walking. But Annie Foore also had her reflective moments. This is how she saw the future of the proud colonial *haut monde* in her day:

> Is there any ending other than a sad one for our colonial officials? Sugar barons and coffee planters used to—and occasionally still—repatriate with an acquired fortune, but we return either broken in health, or—what is perhaps worse—with a lost reputation. For if our bodies last, then we outlive our fame. Are we not, like the trees in the forest, long since marked before we know it to make room for those who grow up next to us? Aren't there always the younger ones who come up and destroy with new ideas and new plans what we have thought and wanted? Aren't we put to pasture long before we are tired or used up, only because it is the turn of others?[5]

Perhaps the chief significance of the work of these three women authors is sociological. They hold up the mirror to a provincial colonial aristocracy, for whose members a vocabulary liberally sprinkled with Gallicisms and revolving around the relative merits of mid-nineteenth-century French and German operas constituted the summum of good taste, and whose pattern of behavior was conditioned by constant awareness of the relative rank of each individual in this bureaucratically focused society. It is this, incidentally, which confers a peculiar "feminine" quality to these novels. They were written by women for women of the upper colonial social strata—the nature of the male's position or of his relationship to other men is understood and described principally in terms of bureaucratic distance, and the peculiar pastimes of masculine colonial society (e.g., the tiger and boar hunts, the feasts given by native potentates, and the vicissitudes of mountain climbing) which, by their nature, would have involved a closer inspection of the Indonesian and his mores in a rural setting are lacking. If the Indonesian appears at all in these novels, he is either a servant or "an official" and, thus characterized, is at once dismissed.

[5] *Ibid.*, pp. 244-245, and *Bogoriana* (Amsterdam, 1889), p. 162.

Annie Foore's lament of the passing of the great colonial élite may be marred by false melancholy; but in the work of P. A. Daum, whose works fall in the same time span, sentiment and girlish *Weltschmerz* are wholly absent. Daum is an uncompromising realist, given to an iron, Zolaesque determinism, and a first-rate writer, who even in Dutch letters has barely begun to win the place he deserves. Born in The Hague in 1850, he went at the age of twenty-eight to Indonesia and there for twenty years was active as a journalist and editor-publisher of his own newspapers. He repeatedly collided with colonial censorship and in 1886 was briefly imprisoned. He returned to Holland in 1898, broken in health, and died shortly afterwards. He was the author of twenty-odd novels and collections of "sketches," some under the pseudonym Maurits, in which, with unsurpassed cynicism and accuracy, he lighted up what he termed the "hollow bombast" of the colonial community; he was, as the great Dutch colonial writer Edgar Du Perron put it, "a master among the realists."

It was Daum who scathingly satirized the pretentiousness of sentimental colonial grand ladies in his description of the high-class Eurasian woman, apathetic and utterly listless, reclining in a chaise longue as she stares at a Viennese travel poster depicting a beautiful and equally langorous maiden, whom the lady believes to be her spiritual soul mate. And it was Daum who gave an unforgettable description of a colonial official's funeral: "... two golden umbrellas, four stove-pipe hats and three stiff gilded collars, forty-two carriages, most of it their own stuff." To be sure, Daum, like Foore and Frank, is to a large extent a chronicler of scandal; he wallows in what was known in colonial Indonesia as the "Indische rel" (i.e., the Indian type of scandal), regarded as typically colonial because it presumably never occurred in the more staid bourgeois circles of The Netherlands. But, unlike his feminine colleagues, Daum is free from false sentiment. Some have held his uncompromising naturalism against him and pointed out that life in *tempo doeloe*, with its *pastiche* aristocratic atmosphere, had more the character of a light opera than of a naturalist tragedy. But "unquestionably," as one authority on Daum has written, "there were conditions in the colonial Indonesian society which darkened the picture: concubinage, gambling, rumor-mongering, the officialdom, the obsessions with money and prestige, and such." Daum's concentration on these darker sides of the colonial community can only come as a relief and as a much-needed correction after what has justly been termed the "girls' boarding-school literature" produced by the first lady authors.[6]

"Sentiment," as Daum once put it in an editorial, "does not reason,

[6] G. Brom, *Java in Onze Kunst* (Rotterdam, 1931), pp. 117-118, and R. Nieuwenhuys, "Maurits. Romancier van Tempo Doeloe," pp. 405-448 in the new edition of Daum's *"Ups" en "Downs" in het Indische Leven* (Amsterdam, 1946).

it is illogical, impressionable, and changeable, and these qualities are completely useless when it comes to an objective consideration of social conditions." Both in his newspaper articles and in his novels Daum showed a penchant for French naturalism and was one of the first in Indonesia to propagate and defend the work of Émile Zola. Zola served Daum as a model in most of his later works; but, as the Dutch critic R. Nieuwenhuys has pointed out, the scientific deterministic bend which led Zola to a systematic analysis of the biological and sociological data incorporated in his novels, was altogether lacking in Daum. Naturalism for Daum was the photographer's art, the painstaking portrayal of social reality for its own sake, devoid of any moralizing.

The colonial world which Daum chose to portray adds a significant dimension to the literary efforts of Annie Foore et al., namely, a picture of the Dutch colonial male in office, plantation, or military encampment. For Daum the Netherlander in the tropics was always typically a careerist—else why would one go to the Indies?—and it was not always talent that insured one's rise in the official hierarchy. As he once put it in a newspaper article criticizing the promotion of some bureaucratic nonentity: "Truth is, that for lack of weight he fell upward." The civil servants' universe of Bogor, which had already been Foore's object of study, is one of Daum's favorite settings too. His *Hoe Hij Raad van Indië Werd* (How He Became a Councilor of the Indies), which details the rise to high office of a nearly worthless subaltern official, is, in its insights into the workings of bureaucratic back-office diplomacy, the equal of Maupassant's *How He Got the Legion of Honor*. Because of his greater familiarity with the rural aspects of nineteenth-century colonial Dutch society, Daum was able to provide much more vivid insights into the folkways and pastimes of the planter aristocracy than his contemporary women novelists. The excessive opulence of planters' households, the meals and entertainment with their unique blend of East and West, the feudal character of social relationships prevailing on distant estates—all these features emerge clearly in Daum's work, making his books an invaluable guide to late nineteenth-century Indonesia.

The novel *Ups en Downs in het Indische Leven* (1890-92), recently reissued, shows Daum in his typical style and at his best. The book is the description of the rise and fall of a number of leading individuals and families of colonial society, landholders, speculators, and officials—the Markens, Lugtens, Twissels, and Uhlstras, whose home life, romance, business scandals, and ignominious end are meticulously recorded. As in *Bogoriana* we find a preoccupation with the transciency of colonial society, where the wheel of fortune allows some to depart for Holland comfortably fixed, while others are doomed to fall by the wayside:

> The rapidly changing Indian society meanwhile was altered; there were people

who went away with a fortune; there were some who came to make one; among the officials the sick went away and healthy ones returned; and the endless replacement of those pensioned off and of newcomers went on. There were only few who remained; those with bad luck or just the bad ones descended to the native quarters and the backstreets; those who "didn't exactly succeed" remained fixed at a certain level and could neither go forward, nor wanted to go backward.

But just what it is that brings success to some and misery and defeat to others is—typically for Daum—never spelled out. There are vague allusions to a constant life of chronic "nervous overexcitement" that exhausts a dynamic entrepreneur, to a mysterious illness that wastes away "until one morning he was dead," to "times that were bad and which did not improve," to the ruinously reckless habits of two sons "who completely failed" and who "knew nothing of business," and so on. Even, as in the earlier part of the novel, when the principal personages have successfully speculated and congratulate one another on their wealth, the undertone of disaster is heard: What the market has given the market may take away; you cannot leave the game; "he who stands up loses his place." And in the end all has been for nothing. The closing paragraphs of the book light up the tragedy of "those with bad luck"—the former great ladies living in a miserable hovel, in some forgotten side street, their husbands who have lost land and fortune given to drink and the empty mannerisms of better days, both "endlessly talking away the time like people who have absolutely nothing to do and have become wholly indifferent to the simple and useful things that they could do."

With Daum an era closes, not only in colonial literature but in the development of colonial society. The twentieth century in Indonesia is characterized by the passing of Eurasian eclecticism as the dominant feature of the colonial community, by the rise of a new race and color consciousness and a new stratification in which the various population groups turned inward and social contacts between them diminished. Memories of *tempo doeloe* still persisted, but became fused with racial animosities, political and nationalistic aspirations, and the economic decline of the Eurasian in a world that seemed to become more competitive and businesslike.[7]

The greatest figures that colonial literature in Indonesia produced, William Walraven and Edgar Du Perron, reflect this transition; the part of their work to which one turns again and again is not the recapitulation of the lost aristocratic *Gemütlichkeit* of *tempo doeloe*, but their descriptions of what sociologically is referred to as cultural "marginality," i.e., the individual's uneasy adjustment to two dissimilar cultural spheres and the personal dislocation within a changing colonial environment.

[7] J. M. van der Kroef, *Indonesia in the Modern World* (Bandung, 1954-56), I, 40-45, 148-156.

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Born in Zeeland province in The Netherlands in 1887, Walraven's education was haphazard, though at an early age he became interested in liberal and socialistic theories of government and economics. After an unhappy time as an immigrant in Canada, he went to Indonesia as a colonial soldier (1915). His term of service completed, he was employed as a bookkeeper in a variety of mineral and estate companies. As early as 1925 he began to write professionally. After his first piece, published in the newspaper *De Indische Courant*, met with success, he devoted his time increasingly to journalism. Walraven's contributions, mainly short stories and sketches, soon attracted attention; he was actively involved in the publishing of the liberal literary journal *Kritiek en Opbouw* (Criticism and Reconstruction) along with Du Perron. The fruition of his talent was cut short by World War II and the Japanese occupation of Indonesia. He died in 1945 in a Japanese concentration camp near Banjuwangi in East Java.[8]

Schamhardt, in his biographical sketch of his uncle, points out that there were two reasons why Walraven could never fully "succeed" in the colonial community of Indonesia, a country which he loved deeply. One was his deep aversion for the petit bourgeois morality of monetary success and class propriety of the Dutch élite in colonial Indonesian society; the other was his marriage to a fullblood Indonesian woman. The latter factor, in particular, made him extremely sensitive to any implied discriminatory treatment in a highly class- and race-conscious society, in which the European married to an Indonesian no longer found himself as socially acceptable as in the nineteenth century. A sense of frustration over the fact that his talents could not find full deployment and recognition, combined with an abiding bitterness over the hypocrisy of a society that condoned and at the same time ostracized his marriage —these are probably the dynamics of Wallraven's work.

His best stories, *Op de Grens* (On the Boundary) and *De Clan*, first published in 1941, deal with this theme of social and cultural marginality, this double exposure to the worlds of East and West. *Op de Grens* tells of an Indonesian woman's flight back to her own people after having lived in a "European" atmosphere with her Dutch husband and after her children, more Eurasian than their mother, have in effect become strangers to her. Like *De Clan*, it deals with Walraven's favorite theme, the involuted character of dissimilar societies in the Oriental setting and the tragic inability of the Eurasian to conform wholly to either society. Walraven's own need for contact with sympathetic kindred spirits, whatever their social status, continually collided with a "society filled everywhere with dividing lines: between whites and coloreds, between European newcomers and Eurasians, between ci-

[8] F. Scharmhardt, "Willem Walraven," *Oriëntatie* (Djakarta), Aug.-Sept. 1949, pp. 3-17.

vilians and military, officials and private citizens, the higher-ups and the lower placed."[9] He castigated the pretentious atmosphere of old élite-conscious colonial families:

> The hard people, with the hard eyes, who say "When I came over," by which they mean "when I came back to the Indies after having gone to school in Europe." Fascism is in their nature. They ... have developed very strangely like a Dutch plant, which has been pruned over and over in the Indies ... How their voices shriek, hard and shrill, like Indonesian birds.
>
> When they become older their peculiarly white skin takes on a copper hue or gets rust colored spots ... The corner of their mouths are turned downward, the color of their eyes is dirty grey or bluish grey. They often have yellow hair, straight, as a straight pig's tail ... Their idea of being a European is frightening, because you notice that they completely fail to realize that they constitute a class that is doomed. The quiet seriousness with which they assume that everyone sees this colonial existence in the same way as they do makes one shiver. With all their cruelty too, they are stupid and even naive in these things. They don't understand it. But the native has to be kept down.[10]

Perhaps the essence of Walraven's work is the tension between his deep love for Indonesia, even for much of its colorful tradition, and his hatred of the rank-consciousness and color-bar hypocrisy which were also part of what he loved. His very presence in Indonesia was after all made possible by the colonial idea; in the stodgy burgherdom of Zeeland province he would have died. Yet the colonial world admired success and the go-getter spirit, and Walraven was no careerist. All he could do was take the tropics wholly to his heart, even to the point of marrying an Indonesian, only to find that this rendered him disreputable. He himself, then, like the heroine of *Op de Grens*, lived uneasily between two worlds; and, although he knew and loved the color-conscious Eurasian world better than most "fullblood" Europeans in Indonesia (were his children after all not Eurasian?), he could also lash out against it with unparallelled bitterness.

Four novellas, some newspaper sketches and fragments of letters—this is the whole of Walraven's work. In comparison, measured by quantity and variety of form alone, the work of Edgar Du Perron is unique in colonial Indonesian literature. Yet only a portion of Du Perron's work falls strictly speaking within the colonial orbit. There is his autobiographical novel, *Het Land van Herkomst* (The Land of Origin), some biographical studies of Multatuli (the pen name of E. Douwes Dekker, a nineteenth-century Dutch colonial civil servant who became one of Dutch literature's greatest names), collections of colonial belletrism, and a series of newspaper and magazine sketches and reviews, dealing mostly with colonial topics, collected under the title *Indian*

[9] R. Nieuwenhuys, "Drie vertellers van het Indische Leven," *Oriëntatie*, July 1949, p. 32.

[10] *Oriëntatie*, Aug.-Sept. 1949, pp. 62-63.

Memorandum. In addition Du Perron wrote literary criticism, poetry, stories, and novels in which the colonial element is wholly lacking. Both aspects of Du Perron's work exhibit a common style, characterized by a naturalness of expression (he was, with the Dutch poet and essayist, Jan Greshoff, "a champion of the ordinary word") and an intensely personal point of view that force the reader to bend to the author's train of thought.

Born in a suburb of Djakarta in 1899 of an old Eurasian family with typical traditions of the colonial landed gentry, Du Perron's education, like Walraven's, was haphazard. Long residences in Paris and Brussels, made possible by the dwindling remains of a family fortune, enabled him to participate actively in the European intellectual life of the late 1920s and 1930s; his journals describing this period in his life have still not received the attention in Western intellectual circles which their importance merits.[11] At one time associated with some of the leading figures in modern Dutch literature in the direction of the periodical *Forum*, Du Perron felt late in the 1930s the need to know "the real Indies" and to correct the youthful, homesick vision of the country which he had expressed in *Het Land van Herkomst*.[12] However, his return to Indonesia, despite the fact that it permitted a considerable literary production, turned out to be disappointing. In the new colonial society of the twentieth century Du Perron was a complete misfit. In the fall of 1939 he again went to Holland, but did not survive an attack of pneumonia a few month later.

Het Land van Herkomst (1939) is Du Perron's great contribution to colonial literature. In structure it is an episodic or "flash-back" novel; a series of events set in Europe alternate with descriptions of the youth and development of a well-to-do Eurasian child, Arthur Ducroo, through whose eyes we obtain unforgettable descriptions of the colonial world of *tempo doeloe*. Yet, even the most detailed account of colonial life and manners must fail: "my Indian accent cannot be put on paper . . . and on the other hand care must be taken not to fall into sickening European exoticism, that type of false romanticism which is accomplished by means of a couple of strange harmonious-sounding names, some brown skin color and velvet eyes . . ."[13] There is an odd polarity in the narrative. On the one hand, there is the recurring melancholy of "the child that we were," i.e., the memories of a colonial childhood, filled with the discovery of the tropical world, the sounds of animals in the night, the long plumed tropical foliage, the strange refreshing

[11] See, e.g., E. Du Perron, *Cahiers van een Lezer gevolgd door Uren Met Dirk Coster* (The Hague, 1946), and his *In Deze Grootse Tijd* (The Hague, 1946).

[12] G. H. 's-Gravesande, *E. Du Perron. Herinneringen en Bescheiden* (The Hague, 1947), pp. 142-143.

[13] E. Du Perron, *Het Land van Herkomst* in his *Verzameld Werk* (Amsterdam, 1954), III, 29.

fruits, also the discovery of human society, the opulent colonial homes with their long tiled galleries and their immense gardens, the Indonesian servants with their superstitions, simplicity, and unaccountable dignity, and above all the world of colorful parents and relatives, all revolving in their orbits in the small universe of landed society. On the other hand, much of the novel is taken up with the soul searchings of an "honest European" of the 1930s, *au courant* with the intellectual life of his day, whiling away the time in stilted oversophisticated conversation with friends over a small *café au lait* in Parisian restaurants, while strange misgivings over the future of all civilized existence, occasioned by the growing impact of fascism and communism all around, seem to doom one to a life of apathy and frustration. *Het Land van Herkomst* is in fact the story of a sojourn in Limbo, necessitated by waiting for the settlement of a family fortune made in the Indies long ago, a tale of an enforced idleness, while salvation seems outside one's reach and while memories—idealized but all that one really has by way of distinctive personality—of an earlier time in a fabulous and vanished world crowd in. With all the glib attitudinizing and conversational pyrotechnics, it is this vanished Eurasian world of *tempo doeloe* that is irrepressible in thought, and the loss of which is almost unbearable.

The life of the Eurasian colonial gentry and its pseudo-aristocratic aspirations to sophistication is drawn with unequalled finesse and detail. In a paragraph or two Du Perron captures the character of his hero's family background:

> My father himself always had great success with the ladies of King's Plaza [a fashionable neighborhood in Djakarta] and elsewhere; my mother could vividly imagine this, and... sometimes we talked about it, because she, on the other hand, could never understand what a woman would see in me. My mother herself, as a young woman and even later, had a great reputation for charm and successes, and I killed two birds with one stone when I in turn admitted that I couldn't understand this, since neither as a man would I have been in love with my mother, nor as a woman would have been in love with my father. We said this to one another on a nice morning under a shady tree in a garden, not because we wanted to wound each other, but really out of a need to exchange confidences.
>
> My mother's maiden name was Ramier de la Brulie. Her father was the youngest and most ingenious of his brothers and sisters. He was always starting some new business venture which regularly failed. He had married a tubercular woman in Réunion, and she traveled everywhere with him, bearing him four children, although she wasn't over 28 when she died. My mother was born in Malaya shortly before her parents went to Java... she had known her French grandfather. Her grandfather ordered her and her cousins to stand in ranks and tapping with a finger on his pouch taught them to sing: *J'ai du bon tabac dans ma tabatière.* My mother also sang another song she had learned from him, *J'irai revoir ma Normandie,* of which the last syllables had to be held for a long time, so that, as far as I was concerned, it came to have something to do with bathing and cool Indian bathing rooms via the Dutch-Malayan word "*mandien,*" meaning bathing.

Free from any sentimentalism, this is the most moving book in Dutch colonial literature; for the loss of a world that it describes is really the dawning consciousness in the chief protagonist of the loss of innocence, youth, and vitality. In the closing pages of the novel the "sense of Limbo" seems to provide something of a basis for an uneasy existential future, as Ducroo writes to one of his friends:

> Just lately you spoke of a bombardment of Paris: it is indeed a strange awareness that in less than an hour the German air force can be above this town in order to rain down anything that seems effective; one might as well be reconciled to the fact that being gassed or burned to a crisp does not make that much difference from an end caused by leukemia or angina pectoris. After all this soul searching I see only one bit of wisdom: so long as one lives to live according to one's own nature and as if one had sufficient time stretching ahead, and with all the curiosity and the hope that one still has, but also with a sufficient quantity of pessimism to reconcile one in a minute to the end of everything that makes life possible, possible in every sense of the word. Wisdom is old, but the realization of it is new. I do not know if you have found something more realistic or practical, so-called, since this new awareness overtook you, but if so, do not delay in letting me know what you can offer me.[14]

In the same decade that saw the publication of the principal works of Walraven and Du Perron a number of colonial novels of lesser quality made their appearance. The works of Mrs. H. Szekely-Lulofs, particularly such novels as *Koelie* (Coolie, 1932), *Rubber* (1935), and *De Andere Wereld* (The Other World, 1938), sought to describe the life on remote estates in Sumatra and the adventures of recent Dutch immigrants and of Javanese contract laborers. Though one is occasionally impressed by a vivid characterization of the empty pretensions and insecurity of the new planters' aristocracy in the rubber and tobacco centers of Sumatra, the "girls' boarding-school" style of these novels, with their sugar-coated romances and lump-in-the-throat sentimentalism reminiscent of the work of colonial women authors of an earlier day, greatly detract from their literary quality. Szekely-Lulofs' preoccupation is the same as Walraven's and Du Perron's, i.e., the problem of cultural marginality in a tropical setting, the simultaneous attractions and repulsions of East and West in colonial life. She is perhaps most successful in *De Andere Wereld*. The book tells the story of a typical *totok* (newcomer) with all the faults of Dutch small burgherdom, whose meek provincialism is gradually eroded by his native Indonesian environment, and who, after an unfortunate marriage and a return to Europe, comes back to Indonesia and its people as the only real solace that life has afforded him. For the hero the journey back to Indonesia is almost a flight, so completely has "the other world" cast its spell on him. Despite the relative literary poverty of this novel, it does capture something of the tropical Netherlander's strange love for Indo-

[14] *Ibid.*, pp. 540-541.

nesia, a land which the *totok* especially was apt to disparage, only to find, "in the middle of Paris and Amsterdam," an overpowering desire to go back.

Of sturdier substance is the work of another woman novelist, Beb Vuyk, like Mrs. Szekely initially concerned with the life of the lonely European family on remote estates and at refineries throughout the Indonesian archipelago. Like Mrs. Szekely, Beb Vuyk had firsthand experience of the conditions she describes in such novels as *Duizend Eilanden* (Thousand Islands, 1937) and *Het Laatste Huis van de Wereld* (The Last House of the World, 1939), and she commands an incomparably better style. There is no psychologizing or subdued colonial philosophy in these books (as in the works of Szekely); and yet, as Du Perron noted of her fictional characters, "we see these people live, more: we learn to know them."[15] *Het Laatste Huis* is perhaps not so much a novel as a chronicle of the life on the distant island of Buru in an East Indonesian archipelago; it records with clarity and sympathy the multicolored facets of Indonesian society, the foibles of starting a *kajaputih* oil factory, and the strange tragedy of the disintegration and rebirth of the human personality in this "end of the earth" setting. This last is perhaps the colonial theme that Vuyk (like Conrad before her) develops best.

Her short story, "Way Baroe," is among the most powerful tales of the Westerner's flight into tropical unreality that colonial literature provides. This is the tale of gentle, passive Onno Bouvier, who leaves his native Zeeland province to become manager of a far-off state in the Moluccas in Eastern Indonesia. He marries an undemanding native girl, begets a score of children, and finds his life gradually caught in the simple routine of the fields; he becomes an increasingly voracious reader of novels of romance and high adventure which completely absorb him and which in the end become his whole existence. On remote Way Baroe, an island in a distant sea, Bouvier's quiet introspective life unfolds in all the terrible richness that his imagination has conjured up. Thus, in a way, Bouvier provides a pendant to the hero of Szekely-Lulofs' *De Andere Wereld*—the tropical world merely draws out and gives form to all that the Westerner already latently is, and colonial existence merely symbolizes an inevitable confirmation of potential traits of character. This is a new dimension of the consciousness of fate that typified colonial life as described by Foore and Daum, the undertone of doom and failure despite success and fruitful labor.

From Foore to Vuyk the colonial novel in Indonesia sometimes suggests that the East is some strange exotic creature—those who seek to harness it for their benefit are ruined by it (e.g., the sugar magnates of Daum); those who live away from it, after once having known it,

[15] Edgar Du Perron, *Indies Memorandum*, p. 307.

are forever under its spell and hasten to return (e.g., the heroes of Du Perron's *Het Land van Herkomst* and Szekely-Lulofs' *De Andere Wereld*); those (e.g., the hero of Vuyk's "Way Baroe") who have been anaesthetized by it live on, sprawled in an easy chair, uncomprehendingly, in the free world of their imagination.

World War II, the Japanese occupation, and the Indonesian Revolution (1945-49) destroyed the formal structure of colonial society but not its traditions and the memories of its way of life. During the revolutionary period, and even for a few years beyond it, the hope lingered that a cultural collaboration between Indonesians and Dutch would be possible. An expression of this hope was the founding in Djakarta in November 1947 of the Dutch-language periodical *Oriëntatie*, which aimed to publish articles about "West European culture but also about Indonesian culture."[16] Around *Oriëntatie* there emerged a group of writers who, in this postcolonial period, did much to keep the traditions of colonial prose narrative alive.

Of these mention should first be made of Jan Boon, who, under the pseudonyms Tjalie Robinson and Vincent Mahieu, wrote a series of sketches and short stories that are unique in colonial letters not only by virtue of their lively style but also because of their subject matter. As Tjalie Robinson, Boon published his unforgettable "Reflections of a Street Vagabond," a series of wildly humorous adventures in the highways and byways of colonial Batavia and now of national Djakarta.[17] A fourteen-carat "anak Betawi" (child of Batavia), Tjalie is the hero of his own picaresque adventures, which range from a journey on a raft à la Huckleberry Finn (with whom he has much in common) down the river through Batavia, through the mishaps of an exploration in the "underworld," to the experience of a gourmet with the incredible variety of Indonesian foods and beverages. In these sketches Boon uses the patois of the lower-class Eurasian. The language is pithy and filled with Indonesian words in barely recognizable Dutch garb; and with this language is captured the ease and tolerance of the mestizo "lower depths," of the world of "de kleine bung" (the small brother, i.e., the lower-class Eurasian) whose inimitable chronicler Boon has become. But Boon has a more serious side too—the face of Vincent Mahieu and the collection of stories published in 1945 under the title *Tjies* (Eurasian term for small-caliber rifle). Here the dark side of Eurasian life is presented—the inner defeats and improbable attachments, as in the story "De kip, de hond en de muis" (Chicken, dog and mouse), and the tragedy of sensuality in the tale of "Didi." The vocabulary is less

[16] "In Plaats van een Inleiding," *Oriëntatie*, Nov. 8, 1947, p. 1.

[17] Tjalie Robinson, *Piekerans van een Straatslijper* (Bandung, n.d.), 2 vols. On Boon, see W. A. Braasem, "Tjalie Robinson, Chroniqueur van de 'Kleine Boeng,'" *Het Vaderland* (The Hague), Jan. 11, 1958.

exuberant, the style has a certain involuted quality like the world that it describes, a world which neither the fullblood European élite in the colonial era nor the Indonesian, whatever his background, ever wholly entered.

Of equal significance has been the work of R. Nieuwenhuys, one of the editorial mainstays of *Oriëntatie*, and author, under the pseudonym of E. Breton de Nijs, of typically Eurasian tales of family life and manners.[18] Nieuwenhuys is a chronicler of the better-situated colonial Eurasian family of *tempo doeloe*; in his work there is the unmistakable "Indo" (Eurasian) tradition, the elaborate style and comfort of daily living suffused by a spirit of happy insouciance, the balls and dinners and the touring in "an open carriage by moonlight," the overemphasized significance of bureaucratic position, the sense of benevolent patriarchalism, but also the tragedies of rigid family pride, ill health, and estrangement where once a clannish sense of unity prevailed. In a way both Nieuwenhuys and Tjalie Robinson are recorders of an era that was vanishing even in their boyhood. *Tempo doeloe* and all its amenities ended with World War I; and in the turbulent times since then, marked by an increased social and racial differentiation, by economic depression, and by the rip tide of nationalism, the Batavian world wholly changed. It became more politically and racially conscious, it lost much of its easy generosity as hard times set in and as the educated Indonesian gave the Eurasian sharper competition for jobs—particularly in the lesser government positions.

Neither Nieuwenhuys nor Tjalie Robinson touch on this new Eurasian world; and that is probably why their work has been so popular in the contemporary Eurasian community in Holland. They write of the "good old days" of happiness and prosperity, to which one gladly turns in the present time of troubles. Even when Tjalie Robinson describes his hilarious adventures in contemporary Djakarta, there is about them the *Gemütlichkeit* and unreality of a vanished era. Perhaps Robinson's chief contribution lies in the fact that he has shown how much of the old Eurasian manners and dialect still survive in metropolitan and polyglot Djakarta with its more than four million inhabitants, and how much is left of the Dutch in the thinking and style of living of a sizable segment of its inhabitants.[19] The brief flowering of *Oriëntatie* had, if nothing else, the effect of bringing the colonial style of living to the attention of a wider public in Holland, only minimally informed of the true essence of society in the tropical dependencies.

[18] E. Breton de Nijs, *Vergeelde Portretten* (Amsterdam, 1954).

[19] An indication of how "Dutchified" contemporary Djakartans remain is the recent lament of a columnist of the newspaper *Indonesian Observer* (Djakarta), Apr. 8, 1958, who during a recent visit to a motion-picture theatre noticed that "from everywhere around came the buzz of the Dutch language and yet not one Dutchman was in sight."

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Events have proved illusory the hope that a new Dutch-Indonesian cultural cooperation could emerge on the ruins of political hatreds aroused by the revolution and its aftermath. Since December 1957, in particular, but also before, the Indonesian government has made a great effort to eradicate the last vestiges of Dutch colonial influence in the country; this has been accompanied by the exodus, often enforced, of Eurasians born or long since domiciled in Indonesia, who for financial or psychological-cultural reasons have been unwilling to become Indonesian citizens. In the aftermath of the revolution and with the growing rupture in Dutch-Indonesian relations, it is not without interest that now, of all times, Dutch literary interest in the colonial Indonesian era and its passing seems to be increasing.

For years after World War II, thousands of Netherlanders were involved in the struggle against the Indonesian Republic, and out of their experience has come at least one first-rate novel, *Het Laatste Uur* (The Last Hour, 1953), by a former jurist in the Dutch colonial service, Albert van der Hoogte. The story deals with the adventures of Opzomer, a Dutch prosecuting attorney in the closing months of the revolution, when the Japanese occupation had already demoralized countless Netherlanders, destroyed their families, destroyed their health, and disillusioned them about their careers. With stoic forebearance Opzomer continues his work, dealing day in and day out with the bestialities of war, until at last he himself falls victim to a mine explosion during an official tour of duty. Though van der Hoogte's subsequent novel *Huis in de Nacht* (A House at Night, 1956) has been disappointing, *Het Laatste Uur* is the only work of undoubted literary merit thus far that captures the swan song of the Dutch colonial community and, for the record, describes an important *raison d'être* of that community:

> ... Time in the concentration camp has made us hard... We have carried corpses and have bound the horrible wounds of our fellows. We have seen the end of the world, and our misfortune is that we have survived this end. We continue to exist as caricatures, with dirty shorts, with berets on our old heads, with the too lately learned gesture of the raised thumb and with the unsuccessful effort to say "Okay boy"...
>
> After the misery of the concentration camp period, the misery of rhetoric awaited us. The Netherlands Indies government made an urgent appeal to all who might just be able to put their shoulders to the job of reconstruction... Why did we do this, this immediate return to work after the martyrdom of the camps? Ah well, the answer is simple; because we, insofar as we had not been completely destroyed physically or mentally, were sensitive, as good animals in the herd, to the eloquence of the government communiqués... "the government knows your suffering and is aware of your grievous losses in the recent past... Nevertheless it dares to address this urgent call to you. It does so in the conviction that you, workers of the Indies, love this country with all your heart, and that you will not allow these parts of the Realm to fall victim to a handful of political agitators and growing Communism..."

This half baked kind of big talk is the reason why I and countless of my fellows from the time of the Japs still struggle in these regions on behalf of the good cause of our Kingdom, which, in the opinion of some, is already lost anyway.[20]

With the growing influx of Eurasians into The Netherlands, the rediscovery of the colonial tradition may yet bring a new quickening to Dutch letters. If so, the work of Maria Dermout, whose sudden international success occasioned this brief review of the colonial Dutch novel, will be in part responsible. Born in 1888 on a sugar plantation in Central Java, and having lived in virtually every corner of the Indonesian archipelago, Maria Dermout works in the well-known grooves of *tempo doeloe*, "the time," as she puts it, "when East and West was never a problem." She stands in the tradition of Annie Foore and Beb Vuyk, but fortunately lacks the period chattiness of Foore while sharing the simplicity of style of Vuyk. Not until 1951, after a lifetime in Indonesia, did she make her literary debut with a collection of impressions of colonial "good old days" entitled *Nog Pas Gisteren* (Only Yesterday). Her first novel, *De Tien Duizend Dingen*, published in 1955, brought her international attention.

In this simple, semi-autobiographical record of a plantation family, she has captured much of the spirit of the vanishing colonial era. The book is really too introspective to provide a complete picture of colonial society, but as one woman's record of Indonesia's planter aristocracy it is impressive. Amid defeat and death the zest for the abundance of colonial life never fails the heroine and the variegated richness of the human element even in this remote outpost of the world remains the wellspring of the colonial novel:

Domingoes, sergeant and preacher, the stiff captain, the doctor with his interest in magic, the mass murderer, the soldiers, a Mountain Alfura resplendent in his snowy white shell string, the poor hunted heads, the surf, the Garden, his youth, the woman Toinette, a bottle of mussel sauce, the islands of Isaiah—was that, all added together, not a complete life?[21]

This commitment to and acceptance of the colonial Indonesian world in the work of Dermout may be considered a rather solitary reconciliation with the East, an affirmation of the inexhaustible continuity of life itself, and thereby perhaps a solution to the problem of the inescapable defeat of the recurring "marginal" hero of Dutch colonial letters. It is one of the ironies of history that this literary reconciliation has come—and has become popular in the West—at a time when, in the Indonesian political context at any rate, East and West seem often to be further apart than ever.

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[20] Albert van der Hoogte, *Het Laatste Uur. Een Kroniek uit het na-oorlogse Indonesië* (Amsterdam, 1953), p. 126.

[21] Marie Dermout, *The Ten Thousand Things* (New York, 1958), p. 119.

CAMUS' *LE MALENTENDU* AND SOME ANALOGUES

REINO VIRTANEN

IN THE period around 1940 Albert Camus was evidently much preoccupied with the theme of *Le Malentendu*. His novel *L'Étranger* shows us Meursault in his prison cell reading and rereading a scrap of newspaper which tells of a Czechoslovakian traveler who after a long absence returns home incognito only to be killed for his money by his mother and sister. For Camus this *fait-divers* appears to have had a certain archetypal significance. Its power of suggestion is due partly to its strange resemblance and contrast with two much more famous tales, the parable of the Prodigal Son and the myth of Oedipus. It is, so to speak, the reverse of the Oedipus legend and the polar opposite of the parable.

Though he assigns it to a newspaper source, Camus was doubtless aware that the story had already had a long life; but its relative obscurity made it possible for him to treat it without regard for its earlier forms, in folk tale, ballad, English eighteenth-century drama, and German *Schicksalstragödie*. Most critics of *Le Malentendu* do not appear to have recalled Mme de Staël's description in *De l'Allemagne* of *Der vierundzwanzigste Februar* by Zacharias Werner (1810).[1] A commentator pausing to consider Werner's "fate drama" might have been led to its source in George Lillo's *Fatal Curiosity* (1736), and thence to the pamphlet *Newes from Perin in Cornwall* (1618).[2] The peregrinations of this tale have carried it also into the southern United States, where it is well known among the mountaineers. The Kentucky frontier is the setting of Robert Penn Warren's "Ballad of Billie Potts," published in 1944.

In all of the examples mentioned, except *Le Malentendu*, the crime is perpetrated by the father. In Lillo's and Warren's versions the mother is an eager instigator, in Werner's play an unwilling witness. In Camus' play the murderers are the mother and sister, the father having long since died. Warren's ballad resembles *Le Malentendu* in that the innkeepers have already made it their sordid practice to rob and do away with wealthy clients. In Lillo's *Fatal Curiosity* and Werner's *Der vierundzwanzigste Februar*, on the other hand, no previous violence against travelers had been committed by the desperate pair.

[1] Mme de Staël, *De l'Allemagne, Œuvres complètes* (Paris, 1810), XI, 21. For Werner's play I have used the edition of Jakob Minor, *Das Schicksalsdrama* (Berlin and Stuttgart, 1884), pp. 239-291.

[2] George Lillo, *The London Merchant . . . and Fatal Curiosity*, ed. A. W. Ward (Boston, 1906). See Appendices, pp. 219-241, and Introduction, pp. xlix-lix. Ward gives some valuable references dealing with the folk motif.

These variations indicate that Camus' play is not a simple derivative of Lillo or Werner, though it may be connected with a French folk ballad which "confines the deed to the mother not mentioning the father."[3] The story has had widespread diffusion and occurs in various forms.[4] We shall not trace its provenience here, but simply compare *Le Malentendu* with the three best-known analogues. We may thus be able to throw into relief the different treatments given by Lillo, Werner, Warren, and Camus to this theme which Meursault described thus: "D'un côté elle était invraisemblable. D'un autre, elle était naturelle. De toute façon, je trouvais que le voyageuer l'avait un peu mérité et qu'il ne faut jamais jouer."[5]

Lillo called his drama *Fatal Curiosity: A True Tragedy of Three Acts.* It never gained the attention received by the author's *London Merchant,* but it has its historical importance, notably as a source of the German genre, the *Schicksalsdrama.* Henry Fielding contributed a prologue which is curious for its exaggeration of the play's merits:

> No fustian hero rages here tonight
> No armies fall, to fix a tyrant's right:
> From lower life we draw our scene's distress...[6]

The blank verse is bombastic enough, except for its moralizing turn, quite unsuited to the middle-class station of the characters. Seven years before, Young Wilmot had left for the Indies to repair the "fortunes of his father's house." The beginning of the drama is cluttered with an improbable account of his adventures, adapted from the *Newes from Perin in Cornwall.* On his return, his ship is wrecked off the coast just before landing. When he arrives on shore, he is recognized neither by his faithful sweetheart Charlot nor by his father's servant Randal. How could Charlot, who had only lately been dreaming of her absent lover, fail to recognize him? The lame explanation is that seven years under tropic suns had given him the appearance of a "sunburnt Indian." Young Wilmot conceives the playful notion of presenting himself incognito before his father and mother. This plan is the more feasible because they think him dead.

> I would fain
> Refine on happiness. Why may I not
> Indulge my curiosity, and try
> If it be possible, by seeing first
> My parents as a stranger, to improve
> Their pleasure by surprise?
> (II, ii)

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[3] *Ibid.*, p. 220.

[4] John Colin Dunlop, *History of Prose Fiction,* ed. Henry Wilson (London, 1888), II, 231-232.

[5] Albert Camus, *L'Étranger* (New York, 1942), p. 114.

[6] Lillo, p. 141.

He prepares his entrance with a letter of introduction announcing him as some casual acquaintance of Charlot's. When the young man appears, with his casket of treasure, he finds his father and mother in utter destitution. He retires to another room to rest, leaving his still uninformed parents to watch over his valuables. His mother is tempted to open the box, but her husband reproaches her. We must know that Old Wilmot, demoralized by poverty, had been contemplating suicide; but Agnes, a bourgeois Lady Macbeth, scorns such an escape, which now "by a crime much less we might avoid." Overriding his scruples, she presses him to stab the sleeping man. Young Wilmot awakes with a cry, "O father!" Charlot enters to find him dead. The realization of their action, far from striking them speechless, prompts Old Wilmot and Agnes to launch into some final oratorical flights, before he stabs her and himself. Charlot loses her reason, and the old servant Randal is left to draw a pious lesson: "Let us at least be wiser, nor complain of Heaven's mysterious ways" (III, i).

Thus the play is made to turn on the conception of hubris. Presuming on his good fortune, Young Wilmot tempts Providence, and is struck down by "this horrid deed which punishes itself" (III, i). The title *Fatal Curiosity* is suggestive of the Oedipus legend, but this very parallel emphasizes the hollowness of Lillo's drama. Young Wilmot's curiosity is not a tragic flaw, but only the weakness of a callow and unformed character. He comes to disaster through the connivance of an author heedless of verisimilitude and intent on producing effects of horror which he dilutes with pietistic moralizing.

In some respects Werner's *Der vierundzwanzigste Februar* is a more satisfactory work. A. W. Ward writes: "It is much more firmly constructed than *Fatal Curiosity*; nor can it be denied that the piece has a certain passionate force which smacks of genius."[7] It is not silly curiosity but dread of his father's curse which restrains Kurt Kuruth from revealing his identity. He hopes to be forgiven for the unthinking but terrible act by which as a child of seven he had slain his baby sister. The boy had been sent away with his father's curse on his head, and was only now returning, as rich as Young Wilmot, to alleviate his family's poverty and beg forgiveness. Like the Wilmots, Kunz and his wife Trude believe their son dead. On arriving at the desolate inn high in the Swiss Alps, Kurt finds his father about to be dispossessed and imprisoned for debt. He expects to save his parents from eviction at the last moment, but still hopes for signs of forgiveness before identifying himself. But the ancestral curse hangs over this Swiss house of Atreus; for the time is now midnight of February 24, anniversary both of Kurt's slaying of his sister and of Kunz's partly accidental killing of his father Conrad. Against Trude's protests, and armed for precaution

[7] *Op. cit.*, p. lvi.

with the same knife that had served before, Kunz tries to steal the sleeper's wallet. Kurt partially awakes and cries out: "Diebe! Mörder!" Frightened, Kunz exclaims "Mörder selber! Du!" and plunges the knife into his son (Scene III, line 920). A scythe-shaped birthmark and a passport establish his identity, as the son forgives his father with his last breath, and the old man prepares to give himself up to justice.

In comparison with *Fatal Curiosity*, Werner's "fate drama" has more unity, a better dramatic logic, and, aside from the paraphernalia of knife, clock, calendar, and birthmark, more verisimilitude. Kunz, a rough former soldier, is a more likely candidate for crime than the philosophizing Old Wilmot. One would find it harder to recognize a boy of seven in a man of twenty-seven than a youth who reappears only seven years later in the guise of a soldier of fortune. Werner has found a more appropriate setting in the remote mountain fastness. And his verse style, with its short lines, its stark rhythms, its well-knit scheme, also seems more fitting than the pseudo-Shakespearean blank verse of Lillo. Yet the German play depends too much on artifice and coincidence to be more than a remarkable *tour de force*. It is a horror melodrama, rather than a tragedy of terror. It presents only the trappings of fatalism, not the power of destiny.

The artificiality of Werner's play passed unnoticed by Mme de Staël. It is a poor example for her thesis of the superiority of Christian over pagan drama. We find it no easier to agree with her negative criticism of the play, a criticism resting on a neoclassic *idée fixe* from which, like some other French romantics, she had not liberated herself: "Le sujet de cette pièce, et les mœurs qu'elle représente, sont trop rapprochés de la vérité, d'une vérité atroce, qui ne devrait point entrer dans le cercle des beaux-arts."[8] In her insistence on idealization, she confuses an improbable story of sordid crime with unadorned, unidealized truth. It is almost like confusing realism and the Gothic novel.

No doubt, as Meursault says, the story is "invraisemblable" though "naturelle." That would relegate it properly to the domain of the ballad or folk tale from which it came. It is the first of these genres which Robert Penn Warren has essayed with his "Ballad of Billie Potts." But Warren is led to alternate parts of his narrative with parenthetical commentaries in a gnomic style. No more than Lillo or Werner can he content himself with the mere story. The tale itself he tells vividly, in irregularly rhymed lines and loose meters well suited to the purpose.

He conveys in colloquial language the flavor and color of the old-time Kentucky frontier in which the action takes place. Big Billie Potts and his wife prey on the occasional solitary traveler who comes to their isolated inn. When their tall son Little Billie reaches an age when he too can take part, his father tries to break him in to the trade. But Little

[8] Mme de Staël, *De l'Allemagne*, p. 22.

Billie makes a fiasco of it and is compelled to flee the country. Big Billie's luck then fails, but his son's is just beginning. Little Billie returns ten years later, having made his fortune in the West. Wanting to have some "fun" with them, he does not tell his parents who he is. As in *Fatal Curiosity*, it is the mother who spurs her husband on to take care of the "young gentleman," but Big Billie needs little persuasion. When the son has been robbed and buried, a neighbor whom he had met earlier arrives to ask about him. After the neighbor departs, the old couple dig up the body and find on his chest the familiar clover-shaped birthmark.

Unlike the solemn sentimentality of *Fatal Curiosity* and the unrelieved oppressiveness of *Der vierundzwanzigste Februar*, "The Ballad of Billie Potts" is composed in a bantering tone which yields to the tragic note only at the end. Such unattractive characters are indeed proper targets for the avenging comic spirit. But the poet is able to give free play to the comic mode only because he has separated the narrative from the reflective and elegiac passages. The correlation between the two is not complete. Little Billie's wanderings and return provide the text for the commentaries, but he is too much a clod and wastrel to be a figure for parable. By an odd chance one may find in a creation by another author certain traits which fit the poet's commentary better than do those of Little Billie. This is Jan of Camus' *Le Malentendu*.

As we have already noted, both Camus' and Warren's pieces, contrary to the example of Lillo and Werner, portray inkeepers who have become inured to robbery and murder before the fateful return of the son. In the French play, the action occurs in a lonely hostel in the Bohemian mountains. The locale accords with one of the folk tales reported, and with the newspaper story in *L'Étranger*. The guilty pair are the mother and sister of the victim. It is to their deserted inn that Jan returns after twenty years and with his fortune made. He is accompanied by his wife Maria, but he does not take her to the house. Seized by apprehension, she tries to dissuade him from appearing unidentified. She recalls the happiness they have known together. He replies: "On ne peut pas être heureux dans l'exil ou dans l'oubli. On ne peut pas toujours rester un étranger. Un homme a besoin de bonheur, mais il a besoin aussi de trouver sa définition. Et j'imagine que retrouver mon pays, rendre heureux ceux que j'aime m'y aidera" (I, iv). Jan's need for definition, his search for an identity which he has partially lost, are closely paralleled in Warren's poem:

> Though your conscience was easy and you were assured of your innocence,
> You became gradually aware that something was missing from the picture,
> And upon closer inspection exclaimed: "Why, I'm not in it at all!"[9]

[9] Robert Penn Warren, *Selected Poems 1932-1943* (New York, 1944), p. 12. The quotations from *Le Malentendu* are from Albert Camus, *Le Malentendu... Caligula*, 23rd ed. (Paris, 1947).

Toward the end of the poem, the parallel with Jan's situation becomes even clearer;

> And you, wanderer, back...
> For the beginning was definition and the end may be definition,
> And our innocence needs, perhaps, new definition.[10]

Warren's emphasis differs from that of Camus in the theme of the nostalgia for childhood and of the desire to return to the past for a new start, which are not explicit motives in the conduct of Jan. The impossibility of this return to the past is dramatically shown in the disinterment scene of Warren's ballad:

> ...the old man... says: "Tell me his name."
> "Ain't Billie, ain't Billie," the old woman cries,
> "Oh hit ain't my Billie, fer he was little
> And helt to my skirt while I stirred the kittle
> And called me Mammy and hugged me tight..."[11]

Jan differs also from Little Billie in that there is no misdeed in his past for which he must seek atonement, unless it be that of neglecting his kin. In this regard the lines of Warren's commentary are more in accord with a prodigal like Kurt Kuruth than with Jan or even Little Billie himself:

> You come, weary of greetings and the friend's smile...
> Prodigal, back to the home-land of no-Time
> To ask forgiveness and the patrimony of your crime.[12]

One feature which is original with Camus is the highly important aftermath of the recognition scene. In keeping with French classical rules of decorum which one acknowledges to be eminently justified here, the fatal deed is portrayed with reticence and reserve. The audience, to be sure, witnesses the mother giving Jan the sleeping draught in a cup of tea. But it is only from the lips of his slayers that we learn the manner of his death—his drugged body has been cast into the river. The recognition occurs afterwards, but not until the opening of Act III, when the two examine his papers and discover his passport. Camus avoids, by means of this muted and restrained technique, the melodramatic shock which harrows the reader or spectator of Werner and Lillo. His effect is not the less powerful for that. Old Wilmot and Agnes protest too much. The reactions of Jan's mother and Martha appear more genuine because the author allows them scope for expression. Each responds in a way which unfolds her inner character. Camus has understood what the others failed fully to realize—in this story the tragic function belongs not to the victim but to the assassin.

[10] Warren, p. 17.
[11] Warren, pp. 15-16.
[12] Warren, p. 14.

And in Martha, Camus has created a protagonist capable of this function. The mother has her own tragic resolution. She throws herself into the river in a pathetic attempt to rejoin the son she has not known how to love. It is an action with a double meaning. She seeks in death both self-punishment and reunion with Jan. Too late she discovers the human values her whole life had denied.

It is left for Martha to bring out further possibilities of the theme, possibilities that had not been hinted at in the other versions. Martha is a young woman, thwarted by poverty, chilled by loneliness, whose lifelong hope has been to escape one day from the narrow confines of her cold mountain valley. She dreams of basking in the sun of a southern sea coast. It is for this dream that she robs and slays. A complete immoralist, she exclaims to Jan at one point: "Ce que j'ai d'humain, c'est ce que je désire, et pour obtenir ce que je désire, je crois que j'écraserais tout sur mon passage" (II, i). But, although she lives by the motto *homo homini lupus* and seems to have stifled in her breast all human feeling, she comes to learn that one illusion has remained, the illusion that her mother, the companion of her crimes, would never abandon her. The knowledge that she has killed her own brother she could endure: "Non! je n'avais pas à veiller sur mon frère" (III, ii). But to lose her mother to him she found unbearable. The mother's suicide means rejection of life with Martha in favor of death with Jan. So far Martha has been merely in revolt against her surroundings. Henceforth she will be in revolt against the human condition.

She had thought she accepted the reality of death. Had she not affirmed, just before carrying Jan's body into the river: "Cette chambre est faite pour qu'on y dorme et ce monde pour qu'on y meure" (II, viii). But that was merely death for other people. Now she cries with desperate scorn: "Car on ne peut appeler patrie, n'est-ce pas, cette terre épaisse, privée de lumière, où l'on s'en va nourrir des animaux aveugles" (III, iii). It is like an echo of Pascal's "canton détourné de la nature . . . ce petit cachot . . . j'entends l'univers . . ." But there is no redemption for Martha; she will die unregenerate and defiant to the end. In her nihilistic world there is no room for the remorse of Old Wilmot or Kunz Kuruth. If she is related to the miscreant Big Billie, she is no kin to the recreant Agnes. She bears some family resemblance to Meursault in his final moments, but there is a significant difference between them. *L'Étranger* illustrates the injunction, formulated in *Le Mythe de Sisyphe*: "Il s'agit de mourir irréconcilié et non pas de plein gré."[13] Contrary to that lesson, Martha takes the way of self-destruction, unreconciled to be sure, but this is because all her plans have been undone through her mother's abandonment.

Before she dies, feeling cheated by life, she must needs reduce Jan's

[13] Camus, *Le Mythe de Sisyphe*, éd. augmentée (Paris, 1942), p. 78.

wife to her own state of bitter desperation. Her revenge is to tear the veil of innocence from Maria's eyes. She tells Maria: "Je ne puis mourir en vous laissant l'idée que vous avez raison, que l'amour n'est pas vain, et que ceci est un accident. Car c'est maintenant que nous sommes dans l'ordre." And when Maria asks, "Quel ordre?" Martha replies: "Celui où personne n'est jamais reconnu" (III, iii). The full meaning of the title is clarified in these final scenes. *Le Malentendu* does not simply refer to a mistake of identity, but must be understood on several levels.

One mistake is Jan's naïveté in thinking that he could pick up the threads of the past: "Il est entré dans la maison amère où l'on est exilé pour toujours." Another misunderstanding is Martha's dependence on her mother: "Je croyais comme lui avoir ma maison. J'imaginais que le crime était notre foyer et qu'il nous avait unies ma mère et moi pour toujours . . . Mais je me trompais. Le crime aussi est une solitude." Still another error is Maria's belief that the shattering of her happiness has come about through a tragic mischance, that with luck it could have been avoided. Martha brutally dispels her illusion that happiness is a natural right provided with a sort of divine guarantee. Thus the title implies all the illusory hopes of mankind for a happy issue: "Nous sommes volés," Martha tells Maria, ". . . Comprenez que votre douleur ne s'égalera jamais à l'injustice qu'on fait à l'homme." When her baleful sister-in-law departs, Maria is left alone. She implores her God for help. Only the old servant answers, but even he refuses. It is like the silence of the Deity at the close of Vigny's "Mont des Oliviers." Perhaps Maria can find the strength to stand alone. We do not know.

Le Malentendu can truly be called a "dark play," like the *pièces noires* of Camus' contemporary, Jean Anouilh. Camus has treated an unprepossessing subject with dignity and restraint, distilling from it a certain bitter poetry, the poetry of disenchantment. It may be granted that the other characters of the play do not stand out as clearly as Martha. But comparison with the other versions of the story helps us to appreciate Camus' achievement.

We have noted that Jan would have provided a better support than Little Billie for some of the reflections of Warren's poem. In his desire to find definition, Jan seems a worthier figure than Little Billie. There is a good deal in Warren's poetic commentary that is tangential. It is not merely that Little Billie is an improper protagonist for a philosophical poem. The many vivid lyrical and descriptive touches, striking in themselves, lack relevance to the subject, no matter how one may try, by analogy and implication, to dignify the frolicsome prodigal. In consequence, although Warren has given the topic a more convincing interpretation than either Lillo or Werner, his poem lacks thematic co-

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herence and structural unity. *Le Malentendu* is the most successful of all the versions. It does not fall apart, as Warren's ballad does, into separate elements of action and reflection. It does not suffer from the defects of style and dramatic logic of *Fatal Curiosity* or from the mechanical artifices of *Der vierundzwanzigste Februar*.

In other works Camus surpasses his achievement in this play. In *La Peste* he portrays in Tarrou and Dr. Rieux characters possessing the feeling of brotherhood, the absence of which outlines the Medusa-like profile of Martha. Nevertheless we can conclude that in *Le Malentendu* he has succeeded, where others failed, in giving resonant expression, enriched meaning, and an almost classical form to a legend "sans autre profondeur que celle de la douleur humaine et comme elle inépuisable."[14]

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[14] *Ibid.*, p. 159. I have made the last adjective singular.

VILLEMAIN ON MILTON: A DOCUMENT IN ROMANTIC CRITICISM

HARRY REDMAN, JR.

EXCEPT for rare allusions to him as a controversialist, Milton was not known in France until the eighteenth century.[1] This situation was altered, however, soon after Voltaire came to London as a political exile in 1726. He had not been there long when he read *Paradise Lost*, came under its powerful spell, and discussed it enthusiastically in his *Essay on Epick Poetry*, which appeared in 1727. The next year Voltaire's friend Pierre François Desfontaines brought out a French version of the *Essay* in Paris. Four years later, having returned to France in the meantime, Voltaire included the translation in the initial volume of his works. Relations between author and translator becoming somewhat strained about this time, Voltaire tardily called attention to a number of "errors" that he said had been made and reworked the composition himself in 1733. In this revision he made numerous emendations which demonstrate that, upon his return to France, he underwent a reorientation in the direction of French classicism that much impaired his earlier admiration for Milton. Thus the attitudes expressed in the revised *Essai sur la poésie épique*, in *Candide*, and in the article "Epopée" in the *Dictionnaire philosophique* are considerably less than ecomiums.

Neverthless, it was in large measure due to Voltaire's discussion of *Paradise Lost* that Milton came to the attention of the French reading public and that most of his works were translated. Numerous versions of *Paradise Lost* appeared from Voltaire's time through the Napoleonic era. One of the most remarkable was that of Jacques Delille, published in 1804.

When the nineteenth century opened it seemed clear that *Paradise Lost* had won its French audience and that the poem's chief appeal to Frenchmen lay in those characteristics that were consonant with nascent romanticism. It was at this moment that Abel François Villemain examined the poem.

An academician, lecturer, and critic of note, "the voluble Villemain," as René Wellek has called him, was a power to be reckoned with in his day. He came upon the scene when matters artistic were in a state of transition. An adherent to classical tradition at the outset, he later evolved into a precursor of Taine's literary determinism. In 1821, how-

[1] This paper was presented at the Kentucky Foreign Language Conference on Apr. 27, 1957.

ever, Villemain was momentarily at the service of an attitude that was already called romantic, and his courses at the Sorbonne, summed up and discussed in the *Globe*, had numerous and avid readers in the romantic camp.

For some time Villemain had been an admirer of Milton and had taken pains to steep himself in the Miltonic epoch. As early as 1814 he called *Paradise Lost* "le plus extraordinaire de tous les poèmes."[2] In 1819 he published an *Histoire de Cromwell*. In the Milton article we are about to consider, he shows commendable knowledge of the Protectorate period and lavishes much care upon a detailed presentation of the décor in which Milton lived and wrote.

Volume XXIX of Michaud's *Biographie universelle*, published in 1821, contained a critical article on Milton by Villemain, which ran to about fifteen pages. Two years later the same article, now called "Essai historique sur Milton," appeared in Villemain's *Discours et mélanges littéraires*. Some of the critic's material was drawn from the second French version of Voltaire's *Essai sur la poésie épique* and, it would seem, from the article in the *Dictionnaire philosophique*. In addition to Voltaire, Villemain owes something to Addison, to Johnson, to Abbé Charles Rollin's *Traité des études*, and perhaps even to a *Mercure de France* review, dated 16 vendémiaire, an X (October 8, 1801), of a curious imitation of *Paradise Lost* called *L'Univers*. In its turn, Villemain's work on Milton was to have repercussions in Chateaubriand's *Essai sur la littérature anglaise*, and extracts were to serve as an introduction to an 1833 edition of Delille's translation of *Paradise Lost*.

Villemain had read the French and British critics of Milton. He restates Voltaire's assertion that it was he, Voltaire, who introduced *Paradise Lost* to French readers and echoes several of Voltaire's strictures, notably his expression of revulsion for the Sin and Death episode. Death, in particular, Villemain labels "an English horror overloaded with Italian bad taste." "Tedious" details of locale, occasional "insipid pleasantries," technical expressions, the introduction of classical deities, and the various subtleties of controversial discourse—these are all so many blemishes in the poetic texture. The use of cannon by the rebel angels during the war in Heaven also draws disapproval. Villemain considers the portrait of God to be, on the whole, weak; and the Creator's circumscribing the universe with a compass does nothing to improve the impression. For all practical purposes, Villemain declares, God is reduced to the status of a dogmatizing theologian,[3] a viewpoint

[2] Abel François Villemain, "Discours sur les avantages et les inconvénients de la critique," reprinted in his *Discours et mélanges littéraires* (Paris, 1823), p. 56.

[3] Villemain, "Essai historique sur Milton," *Discours et mélanges littéraires* (Paris, 1823), pp. 336-337.

later to be held by Taine. Contrary to an accusation just made by Schlegel that *Paradise Lost* lacks completeness, the French critic holds that Milton overshot the mark. After Adam's sin in the Garden of Eden, the poem loses interest and the last two books are "no more than a tiresome declamation in which are scattered a few admirable sparks."[4]

Were it not countered at once by praise almost as reckless, such criticism would be preposterous. For the most part, however, Villemain's discussion represents a clear break with the Voltairean, classicist attitude. His article, claiming to see in *Paradise Lost* a number of qualities that would soon characterize French romanticism, can be viewed as a kind of romantic statement of principles. Victor Hugo is usually credited with having drawn up the school's tenets. But Villemain's "Essai historique sur Milton," despite an occasional classical overtone, was a romantic pronunciamiento that antedated Hugo's by six years. The article presents all of the principal points which, in 1827, were to be enumerated in Hugo's "Préface de *Cromwell*."

Hugo's dramatic creed calls for a "realism" exalted and made pure with art's kind intervention and leaven. The hideous and the sublime being the chief components of this realism, contrast is insisted upon. Hugo also spurns reliance upon models, repudiates the classical unities, and makes sport of the entire corpus of Aristotelian literary tradition, declaring that the writer endowed with brilliance needs no rules or models. Moreover, he holds that scenes of violence should not be banned, and that matters of rhyme and metrics were best left to the discretion of the individual writer. A final plea is entered in behalf of local color. All these points had been made by Villemain, with illustrations from *Paradise Lost*.

The "Préface de *Cromwell*" applied in the main to drama; but Hugo had so broad a view of what constituted drama that *Paradise Lost* was cited as a remarkable example of this kind of literary creation:

> Le *Paradis perdu* est un drame avant d'être une épopée. C'est, on le sait, sous la première de ces formes qu'il s'était présenté d'abord à l'imagination du poète, et qu'il reste toujours imprimé dans la mémoire du lecteur, tant l'ancienne charpente dramatique est encore saillante sous l'édifice épique de Milton.[5]

Villemain, too, had pointed out that Milton originally conceived *Paradise Lost* as a theatrical work. The two critics' reasoning is easily understandable when we remember that, to the French romantic, "drama" meant a combination, in theatrical composition, of the comic and the serious, the mean and the noble, as opposed to the traditional requirement that these be kept apart.

As for the classical unities, Villemain complains that Milton's poem treated "but one human event"; the critic was clearly no partisan of the

[4] *Discours*, p. 337.
[5] Victor Hugo, *Œuvres complètes, Théâtre*, I (Paris, 1912), 22-23.

unity of action demanded by the classicists. Though he was alive to the dramatic qualities of *Paradise Lost*, Villemain disapproved of *Samson Agonistes*, because it lacked "dramatic movement."[6] The basis of this criticism, of which Villemain appears to be unconscious, should be obvious to the modern reader—the structure of *Samson Agonistes* coincides too well with the rules observed in the French classical theater. Other Aristotelian precepts, especially those concerning imitation, were considered a nuisance by this critic, who did not hesitate to proclaim that "Addison a tort de vouloir admirer Milton par les règles et l'autorité d'Aristote. Ce qui constitue le *Paradis perdu*, c'est précisément le défaut de ressemblance avec tout modèle connu."[7]

In the spirit of the innovations soon to be advocated by Hugo, Villemain also praised *Paradise Lost* for its absence of rhyme and for its run-over lines. Furthermore, *Paradise Lost*, with its Eastern atmosphere, abounds in local color. Villemain believed that the reader could not fail to be struck with the "Oriental" character that wraps the poem in "celestial splendor."[8]

Hideous and sublime elements, Hugo believed, combine to create what the world and nature are really like. Villemain had sensed such a combination in Milton and praised him for it. He added that "cette alliance ces images douces et terribles n'est pas cependant particulière à Milton. C'est le caractère même de l'inspiration poétique: c'est la source de l'intérêt et de la variété." Anticipating Hugo's insistence upon contrast, he hailed Milton's "sublime and weird" creative instincts, his mixture of candor and violence. He praised the simple aspects of *Paradise Lost* as well as its opulence, the supreme happiness that it describes as well as the doom and despair. Finally he asserted that "l'âme du vrai poète a toujours mêlé ses tons divers. Mais comme jamais les contrastes ne furent plus marqués, jamais l'art du poète n'étonna davantage" than in *Paradise Lost*.[9]

Villemain's enthusiasm for contrast leads him to exorbitant praise of Satan. Satan has impressed all commentators on *Paradise Lost*; but Villemain, penetrating to the crisis of his existence as a thwarted personality, at once heroic and villainous, proud and almost omnipotent, and yet despairing, becomes ecstatic.

> Satan est un des chefs-d'œuvre de l'invention des personnages surnaturels. Ce réveil de l'orgueil foudroyé, ce désespoir incapable de remords, cet amour du mal accepté pour consolation et pour vengeance; enfin, l'hypocrisie, dernier trait d'une âme infernale, forment un tableau sublime d'horreur et de génie.[10]

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[6] *Discours*, p. 332.
[7] *Ibid.*, p. 335.
[8] *Ibid.*, p. 337.
[9] *Ibid.*, pp. 337-338.
[10] *Ibid.*, pp. 340-341.

Love is not discussed in the "Préface de *Cromwell*," though Hugo does declaim against the stilted, often emasculated expressions of emotion that abounded in French classical literature. Villemain, however, in his interpretation of Adam and Eve in *Paradise Lost*, anticipates the romantic view of love—something quite different from the tranquil relationship between man and woman that Voltaire had praised in the poem. Belonging to an era for which natural sentiment, even passion, had been rehabilitated and ennobled in the works of Rousseau and Chateaubriand, he saw the love of Adam and Eve as sensual and passionate but pure.

> Adam et Eve, leur nature fragile et presque divine, leur amour qui fait une partie de leur innocence, l'inexprimable nouveauté de leurs sentiments et de leur langage, cette création est toute au poète anglais. La muse épique n'avait rien inventé de semblable... Didon mourante n'égale pas ce tableau chaste et passionné. L'amour conjugal, retracé par Homère, n'atteint pas à cette pureté sublime. Ici la passion est la vertu même; et la volupté semble un des biens célestes que l'homme a perdus.[11]

When Villemain proclaimed that passion can be love, that it can be *noble* love, and when he illustrated his view with a dramatic scene from *Paradise Lost*, he was providing the romantics with a theorem and a demonstration. And, when he cried out at the classical strictures, when he praised Milton's contrasts and detected in the poet an alliance of the horrible and the sublime, he presented the new school, six years before its leader did, with the whole of its dramatic credo. Hugo arrived at a nearly identical set of principles after working on *Cromwell* and the Miltonian epoch.

Was Hugo familiar with the "Essai historique sur Milton" when he penned his own pronouncement? The similarity of the views of the two critics strongly suggests that he was. There are also a number of coincidences of allusion between the "Essai" and the "Préface" that are all the more curious because they are more or less irrelevant to the central themes of the two essays. For example, both allude to Delille, though from different points of view and, in the case of Hugo, with no reference to *Paradise Lost*. It may also be noted that Hugo quotes in the "Préface" a remark, "J'ai le parlement dans mon sac et le roi dans ma poche," attributed to Cromwell and reported in Villemain's *Histoire de Cromwell*.[12] From this it would seem that part of Hugo's documentation on the Cromwellian period came from reading the works of Villemain. It would appear, moreover, that during the documentation process Hugo encountered dramatic principles that he was to make his own and to develop.

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[11] *Ibid.*, pp. 338-339.

[12] Hugo, *op. cit.*, p. 24. Villemain, *Histoire de Cromwell* (Paris, 1819), I, 144, 215-216.

THE USE OF THE TERM BAROQUE IN FRENCH LITERARY HISTORY

R. A. Sayce

THE WORD baroque has in recent years become a part of our vocabulary,[1] though its use still provokes hostile reactions for various reasons, some good, some bad. But words, once they have entered a language, are not easily made to disappear, and it is idle to suppose that we can suppress this one merely because we may not happen to like it. The purpose of this article, semantic rather than historical in character, is to deal first with the objections to the term (leaving aside those which are based on a dislike of novelty of any kind) and then, on the positive side, to try to isolate the meaning which appears most helpful for critical and historical studies.[2]

The first objection is to the variety of senses, which for more severe critics becomes confusion, the chaos of definitions, the welter of terminology, in Mme de Mourgues's phrase.[3] It is true that the student of the baroque has to be prepared for many surprises. At one end of the scale we find Rabelais described as baroque (by M. Saulnier[4]), at the other Bach and even Gibbon (by Professor Highet[5]). And, in case we should be tempted to think that an irreverent attitude in religious matters and a certain sexual licence, the only obvious features common to Gibbon and Rabelais, are baroque characteristics, we then discover that the baroque is identified with the Counter-Reformation, intense religious emotion, and prudery. Such examples could easily be multiplied. Nonetheless there are good reasons for thinking that the word is settling down, that the variety of senses is less marked than it once was, that a generally accepted sense or senses may well be achieved. There is still,

[1] Since I last wrote on this subject (*French Studies*, Jan. 1954), many fresh contributions have appeared, which cannot be listed here in full. Recent bibliographical surveys are: H. Hatzfeld, "Italia, Spagna e Francia nello sviluppo della letteratura barocca," *Lettere Italiane*, IX (1957), 1-29; and a series of articles by F. Simone, "Attualità della disputa sulla poesia francese dell'età barocca," *Messana*, II (1953), 125-138; "Per la definizione di un barocco francese," *Rivista di letterature moderne*, 1954, pp. 165-192; "I contributi europei all'identificazione del barocco francese," *CL*, VI (1954), 1-25. Among writings published too late for mention in these articles, perhaps the most important are: R. Stamm, ed., *Die Kunstformen des Barockzeitalters* (Bern, 1956); V. Cerný, "Le Baroque et la littérature française," *Critique*, 1956, pp. 517-533, 617-635; I. Buffum, *Studies in the Baroque from Montaigne to Rotrou* (New Haven, 1957); V.-L. Tapié, *Baroque et classicisme* (Paris, 1957).

[2] See R. Wellek, "The Concept of Baroque in Literary Scholarship," *JAAC*, V (1946), 77-109.

[3] *Metaphysical, Baroque and Précieux Poetry* (Oxford, 1953).

[4] In his edition of *Pantagruel* (Paris, 1946), pp. xl ff.

[5] *The Classical Tradition* (Oxford, 1949), p. 290.

certainly, some fluidity, and this is an advantage, since the possibility of influencing the evolution of the word by careful use remains open to us. If, as the word settles down, there then should still remain more than one sense, this need not alarm us; big words are inevitably used in different ways, as the examples of romanticism and classicism prove.

The confusion in the use of the term baroque has in fact been greatly exaggerated; many instances are no more than individual oddities (like the inclusion of Rabelais). And before we leave for the moment the question of definition, it should be said that it is indeed possible to describe the baroque without using the word itself—a notable example is Mâle's *L'Art religieux après le Concile de Trente*. But such a self-imposed taboo seems to produce a strain without any compensating advantage. It is as though one were talking about oaks and elms without being allowed to use the word tree.

A second and more fundamental objection would condemn not only baroque but all such general designations of styles in art or literature—classicism, romanticism, Gothic, Renaissance, symbolism, surrealism—as misleading and superfluous. This view usually springs from the antihistoricism of Croce and Valéry. Every work of art, they say, is a single, unique creation, and it is impossible to combine it with others in historical or stylistic categories. Such a contention is perfectly logical and consistent, and there is little to be said in reply except that it is obviously untrue. Works of art are at least partly artifacts and they do not exist in isolation. A sonnet by Ronsard and a sonnet by Shakespeare have something in common, if only the fact that they are both made up of fourteen lines. From such superficial resemblances it is possible to move more and more deeply toward central relationships, though it may perhaps be conceded that the comparative method of criticism never reaches the innermost core. At any rate there are palpable cases of different period styles. Notre-Dame in some ways resembles Bourges, both are very different from the Invalides or St. Paul's. In literature there is a great difference between any mystery play and *Esther* or *Athalie*, a difference which it requires little instruction to perceive (this is not true, however, of the difference between classical and baroque works, a fact which is important, as will appear later).

Croceans and Valéryens naturally have an answer to all this. They would admit the existence of period characteristics and other common features, but according to them these features have nothing to do with the work of art in its essence—they are *non-poesia*, as Croce calls it. As one disciple argues, only the mediocre, the fashionable, the transient can be included in period categories.[6] The acceptance of such a doctrine

[6] "L'arte che è originalità, genialità, sfugge allo schema e quello che rimane è l'uniforme, il mediocre, il legato ai gusti, alle mode, ai pregiudizi dell'epoca" (C. Antoni, quoted by Simone, *CL*, VI, 4).

would mean that the history of literature and art is destroyed or becomes no more than a mass of trivial and unrelated details. This might not greatly matter, if it were not that the antihistorical attitude implies a profound misconception of the nature of art, which must always be in some degree a collective enterprise. The greatness of the work depends on individual genius, of course, but it depends also on the weight of tradition behind it, on the efforts of contemporaries and predecessors, on the demands made by the public. A work may be great as the expression of an individual, but it may also be great as the expression of a period, of a particular civilization. Egyptian art and Gothic cathedrals are extreme and obvious cases, but this is also true of such highly individual artists as the impressionists or Proust. In other words, the common characteristics of period, country, and society are not mere excrescences; they are themselves part of the creative essence. Moreover, the chain of works formed by a common tradition may itself constitute a fit object of aesthetic contemplation.

However, some who would admit romanticism or symbolism as designations of literary movements reject baroque because it is taken from the foreign world of the visual arts. This third objection is put in its strongest form by Miss Sylvia England: "As for the present fashionable transfer of the term *baroque* from the arts to which it belongs, to literature to which it does not, true criticism is thereby confused."[7] One might reply that there is no human or natural law which forbids the application of the word baroque to literature or maintains the arts in a state of total separation. On the contrary, some analogies between literature and the other arts are inescapable. The use of mediaeval themes in romantic literature, painting, and architecture is an obvious example. At a deeper level, and more relevant to our present purpose, I might recall a parallel between the self-portrait of Montaigne and the self-portraits of Rembrandt, who might equally well have said "Je ne peins pas l'être, je peins le passage."[8] Such analogies—and they come crowding on the mind—soon amount to a formidable total; and it seems in fact impossible, if one admits, for instance, the existence of romanticism in literature at all, to deny its existence in the visual arts and music also. The case of the baroque is similar. It is true that the term romanticism was first used of literature, the term baroque of the visual arts; but this appears to be little more than a historical accident. At any rate, extension of meaning in one direction is as legitimate as extension in the other.[9]

But behind this objection lies another, which may well be decisive—the distrust aroused in minds educated in the traditions of Anglo-Saxon

[7] *Year's Work in Modern Language Studies*, XV (1955), 41.

[8] See *French Studies*, VIII (1954), 3.

[9] The objection is fully and convincingly refuted by F. Strich, "Die Übertragung des Barockbegriffs von der bildenden Kunst auf die Dichtung," in *Die Kunstformen des Barockzeitalters*, pp. 243-265.

empiricism or French rationalism by the more nebulous manifestations of German idealism. In what is perhaps the most cogent published criticism of the use of the term baroque, John H. Müller stresses the debt of Wölfflin and his followers to the semimystical historical constructions of Herder, Kant, Hegel, Schopenhauer, and Dilthey.[10] When Professor Spitzer speaks of "the magic word 'baroque' "[11] or Professor Hatzfeld of "helping the new baroque concept,"[12] we may very well reply that we do not like magic words, that we do not want to help the baroque concept, that we are more interested in reality than in abstractions. And when we come to Eugenio d'Ors, with his suggestion that the discovery of the circulation of the blood by Harvey was a baroque discovery,[13] we may feel that the limit of extravagance has been reached. Yet even so prudent an authority as Sir George Clark is prepared, with reservations, to allow the phrase "baroque mathematics."[14] In short, distrust is justified, but outright rejection is not. The generalizations of *Geistesgeschichte* and *Kulturgeschichte* are perilous; but we should be ill advised to retreat into the kind of history which is afraid to venture beyond unrelated facts. Yet we can and should bring to these studies caution and a firm sense of realities.

The use of the word baroque seems to imply two main hypotheses, which are better regarded as alternatives though they are not altogether mutually exclusive: (1) a modest one—that there are at any given moment (or specifically at some time between 1550 and 1750) affinities between literature and the other arts, between the arts and other human activities; (2) more ambitious—that there is at any given moment (at least within the limits of European civilization) a perfect unity of all the arts and of all human activities and that this unity is the expression of the *Zeitgeist*. The first seems incontrovertible, a statement of the obvious. The second is heroic, illuminating, but unlikely, certainly not provable in the present state of knowledge, though it may be said that it is no more mystical than the other extreme—that each branch of art or of knowledge is enclosed in its own watertight compartment. It is the first hypothesis that I shall defend.

Considering that the objections to the term baroque, though sometimes based on right instincts, have little rational foundation, and that it is now a part of our critical vocabulary, we may turn to a positive search for the most useful way to employ it, with special reference to French literature. This is largely a semantic problem. Definitions, as Pascal says, are free, and no doubt anyone is perfectly entitled to use the word

[10] "Baroque, Is It Datum, Hypothesis or Tautology?," *JAAC*, XII (1954), 421-437.

[11] *Linguistics and Literary History* (Princeton, 1948), p. 133.

[12] *A Critical Bibliography of the New Stylistics* (Chapel Hill, 1953), p. 209.

[13] *Du Baroque* (Paris, 1936).

[14] *The Seventeenth Century*, 2nd ed. (Oxford, 1950), p. x.

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baroque in any sense whatever. Nonetheless, our freedom is in practice restricted by agreed uses of words, in the case of baroque not yet quite hardened. And there are more and less efficient uses; thus romantic in popular usage means little more than amatory—we prefer to confine it strictly to its historical and critical senses.

Of the possible senses of baroque there are some which ought to be eliminated at once because they do no more than duplicate words we already possess. Of these equivalences the most important are: baroque = seventeenth-century; baroque = classical; and baroque = romantic (or the opposite of classical). We find, probably to our astonishment, that artists and writers whom we have always considered classical, Poussin or Racine for instance, are now often called baroque, that the French classical period is looked upon as a baroque period. On the other hand, we also find baroque absolutely opposed to classicism, making two poles of aesthetic activity which have nothing whatever in common, as in the categories of Wölfflin. But surely the opposite of classicism (if one admits such abstractions) is romanticism, and this opposition carries at least the authority of 150 years of critical argument; there is nothing to be gained by taking the characteristics known as romantic and relabeling them as baroque.

The same applies with even more force to "mannerism" as used by Curtius;[15] romanticism is replaced by baroque and then baroque by mannerism. There need be no end to such a process. Of course mannerism has a fairly precise and useful sense in art history; and its extension to literature in that sense might eventually be profitable.[16] But at the moment it is likely to be a source of confusion.

A quotation from Professor Pevsner will perhaps show the way toward an efficient sense of baroque. He is, as it happens, criticizing English slowness to accept the working hypothesis of a baroque period.

> But you can still find in the subject-catalogues of important libraries under *Artists, Renaissance*: Raphael, Rembrandt, Reynolds, Rubens. Now, if fixed terms for styles of ages are there to keep a host of data in reasonable order, then there is obviously no point in using such words as Renaissance, Baroque and so on, unless their very job is to keep Raphael, Rembrandt, Rubens and Reynolds apart.[17]

Of course he is right. These painters are very different and ought to be kept apart. Yet the old-fashioned cataloguers are right too; these painters have also something in common, which is a devotion, at any rate in principle, to the forms and themes of classical antiquity, and this de-

[15] *Europäische Literatur und lateinisches Mittelalter* (Bern, 1948).

[16] See also E. B. O. Borgerhoff, "'Mannerism' and Baroque: A Simple Plea," *CL*, V (1953), 323-331; Wylie Sypher, *Four Stages of Renaissance Style* (Garden City, N.Y., 1956). Their views would require a detailed examination which cannot be undertaken within the limits of this article.

[17] "The Architecture of Mannerism," *The Mint*, ed. Grigson (London, 1946), p. 117.

votion was the dominant force in European art and literature between, let us say, 1450 and 1830. It is important, as Professor Pevsner maintains, to discover the different stages, the subdivisions; but we shall never understand them if we lose sight of the whole of which they form part.

The baroque is then (in its most useful sense) a stage in the development of this Renaissance classicism, from which it is inseparable;[18] it involves the distortion (with no pejorative connotation) of classical forms in order that something different may be expressed. But a groundwork of classical or Renaissance forms seems to be a *sine qua non* of baroque, and serves to distinguish it from movements which present superficial resemblances to it, such as flamboyant Gothic or romanticism. One striking phenomenon, frequently noticed, is the difficulty of finding a theory of the baroque in contemporary writers; on the whole, classical principles are expounded even by those who violate them in practice.

Of course, many properties and many characteristics could be added to the definition of baroque I have proposed, but if this definition is kept firmly in mind most of the difficulties disappear. We are undertaking here in the first place a work of classification, and in any such task an essential principle must be a hierarchy of terminology. In other words, it is indispensable to perceive the difference of level between genus, species, subspecies, and so on (the parallel with biology is not intended to be more than approximate). In the problem we are considering, the principal unity is that of Renaissance classicism, covering a period of roughly three or four hundred years. Within that spread, the baroque forms a division, a species, and such categories as metaphysical, *précieux*, burlesque, Gongorism, and so on may best be regarded as subdivisions or subspecies.

In spite of the title of this article, little has been said so far which refers specifically to French literature. And indeed it may be held that the history of the baroque in France is largely a negative history, a history of refusal and resistance (exemplified, or symbolized, in the rejection of Bernini's plans for the Louvre, as well as in Boileau's castigation of Tasso). To our principle of hierarchy of terminology, we must add another, that of *décalage* or time lag. Between different arts and between different countries, even when they are moving in the same direction, movement is not always equal and simultaneous. There are many examples of the influence of one country on another, of one art on another, and this influence often takes a long time to penetrate—for example, the influence of Italy on the French Renaissance (where there is a time lag of perhaps a hundred years) or the influence of England and Germany on French romanticism (where the lag may be fifty

[18] This is clearly perceived, though still not sufficiently emphasized, by Professor Sypher (*op. cit.*).

years). Neglect of this principle, an obstinate adherence to the idea of total and simultaneous European unity in all the arts, in spite of the facts which suggest the contrary, has been a source of error in the work of German scholars. Because the great age of German baroque is the late seventeenth and early eighteenth centuries, it has been assumed that this period must be baroque in France too. But France, like England, possesses no Einsiedeln or Vierzehnheiligen. When we see these places we feel that we have moved into a different visual world. This assumption accounts for the evident embarrassment of Wölfflin when dealing with Poussin. In the *Kunstgeschichtliche Grundbegriffe* we find one or two hasty references with no discussion or illustrations,[19] though it is really essential to his unitary theory that Poussin should be made to fit. In fact, the only French artist with whom he is entirely at home is Puget, who comes from the Midi and a different tradition. Professor Hatzfeld says that Boileau "strives, but in vain, to be antibaroque."[20] But if he is really baroque, why the striving? A great deal of French art and literature can only be made baroque if the word is to include almost everything.

Yet this does not dispose of the problem. It is impossible not to ask what was the impact on France and French literature of the general European, or if we prefer southern or Catholic, baroque movement. The riotous exuberance of Rubens or Marino, the conceits of Donne or Góngora, cannot have been entirely without parallel. And of course Professor Boase, M. Raymond, Mme de Mourgues, M. Rousset, among others, have shown us that there are parallels. There is in French literature a period in which the dominant mood corresponds to the definition of baroque I have put forward, a period during which strange tricks are played with the classical forms the Renaissance had tried to establish. The best example is perhaps the irregular drama, culminating in Schelandre and Hardy, with its profound influence on Corneille, and its curious mixture of mediaeval and classical stage design. But there are signs in every branch of literature; concrete evidence is supplied in the works of the scholars mentioned above. On the basis of this evidence it may be possible to assign approximate chronological limits to the baroque period in French literature—from 1580 (which brings together Montaigne, Du Bartas, d'Aubigné, and the beginnings of irregular tragedy) to 1660, which marks the decline of *préciosité* and burlesque, of bizarre epics and fantastic novels, as well as the rise of Boileau and the writers we have been accustomed to call classical.

[19] E.g., "Reaktionäre der Linie wie Poussin sind auch Reaktionäre der Fläche. Und doch, wer könnte in Poussin trotz allem 'klassischen' Wollen den Mann des 17. Jahrhunderts verkennen!" *Kunstgeschichtliche Grundbegriffe* (Munich, 1915), pp. 110-111.

[20] "A Clarification of the Baroque Problem in the Romance Literatures," *CL*, I (1949), 120.

The truth indeed is not as simple as this rapid outline might suggest. Within the period the classical doctrine is being formulated and work produced which is classical or moving towards classical standards. And after 1660 there is no sudden breach of continuity. Much that is baroque remains and permeates even the writing of the *grands classiques* themselves. The best way of stating the situation still seems to me M. André Chastel's formula, adapted from Gide, that French classicism is "un baroque dompté."[21] One of the wholehearted leaders in the defense of the concept of the baroque, Professor Hatzfeld, expresses the matter not very differently when he speaks of French baroque classicism.[22] It appears that agreement is not so hard to reach as has been supposed. Most students of the question would agree that, in relation to the baroque movement generally, France presents a special case, resisting the more extravagant tendencies of Italy and Spain and above all transforming the deeper baroque forces into something different, the classicism of the Invalides and of Boileau and Racine.

To recapitulate, the confusions alleged in the use of the word baroque can be largely dispelled (with allowance made for the play of meaning found in all such general terms) if we hold fast to three positions or principles: the hierarchy of terminology, *décalage* or time lag, and the fact of the French resistance to and transformation of the baroque.[23]

Oxford University

[21] "Sur le baroque français," in Léger, *La Fin de la Ligue* (Paris, 1944).

[22] *Literature through Art* (New York, 1952), pp. 63 ff.

[23] This article is based on a paper read to the Conference of Teachers of French in British Universities in 1957. I am indebted to those who took part in the discussion, and especially to Professor H. W. Lawton for his encouragement and kindly but unsparing criticisms.

FERNAND GREGH CHEZ JOHN STEINBECK

JEAN-CHARLES CHESSEX

LE PRÉSENT article est le fruit d'un heureux accident. Au hasard d'une lecture de *Je Vis*, de Fernand Gregh, ma femme crut reconnaître des vers cités dans *Cannery Row*. L'enquête qui suivit et ses péripéties assez inattendues font le sujet de ces pages.

Le poème cité par Steinbeck est une faible partie du long poème de E. Powys Mathers, qui se trouve dans sa collection intitulée *Black Marigolds*, comme en fait foi une note dans *Cannery Row. An Anthology of World Poetry*, par Mark Van Doren (5e ed., New York, 1936) cite le poème au complet sous le nom de *Bilhana*, ou Ballade, *"a free interpretation"* du sanscrit, d'après le *Chaurapanghasika* du poète Chauras (Tchaura, dans la transcription française), et datant du onzième siècle de notre ère.

La même *Anthology* cite en outre, de Mathers, une autre traduction du sanscrit, deux du chinois, une du japonais, et dix-neuf de l'arabe, toutes des *Mille et Une Nuits*. De Sir Edwin Arnold, dont il sera question plus loin, on trouve une traduction du sanscrit et six du persan.

Maintenant, examinons les passages du poème de Fernand Gregh et ceux du poème de E. Powys Mathers qui disent si exactement la même chose, en deux langues différentes. (Nous citerons Gregh d'abord, puis la version de Mathers.)

J'aime de longs yeux noirs, caressants et soyeux
I love long black eyes that caress like silk

Tour à tour graves ou joyeux
Ever and ever sad and laughing eyes

Dont les cils font une ombre, alors qu'ils sont fermés
Whose lids make such sweet shadows when they close

Si douce qu'elle semble un regard elle-même ;
It seems another beautiful look of hers.

J'aime une bouche fraîche, une bouche embaumée,
I love a fresh mouth, ah ! a scented mouth,

Des cheveux ondoyants, fins comme une fumée
And curving hair, subtle as a smoke,

Des doigts légers, où rit une petite gemme.
And light fingers, and laughter of green gems.

Ce passage paraît tout entier dans Steinbeck. N'est-ce pas étonnant ? Voici un passage traduit plus librement, mais, on en conviendra, fort habile par son interprétation :

J'aime Décembre et Juin, les cyprès et les roses
I mind that I loved cypress and roses, dear

Les grands monts bleus, les humbles côteaux gris
The great blue mountains and the small grey hills

La rumeur de la mer, la rumeur de Paris.
The sounding of the sea . . .

Paris offre une bonne rime à *gris*, ou vice-versa. Evidemment, Mathers n'en avait que faire dans une interprétation, si libre fût-elle, du sanscrit! Plus loin encore, nous trouvons:

Je vais aussi parmi des hommes et des femmes,
I mind that I went round with men and women

Et sous les fronts, dans les regards, je vois des âmes
And underneath their brows, deep in their eyes

Qui glissent en essaims devant mes yeux ravis.
I saw their souls, which go slipping aside
In swarms before the pleasure of my mind;

Le monde est comme un vol d'oiseaux d'ombre et de flamme
The world was like a flight of birds, shadow or flame

Que je verrais passer du haut des monts gravis . . .
Which I saw pass above the engraven hills.

Pour une fois, l'anglais demande un vers de plus que son équivalent français! On peut se demander si Mathers n'a pas mal lu Gregh, quand il parle de "engraven hills." Gregh dit "gravis," et non "gravés"; et qu'est-ce que c'est que des "engraven hills"? A moins que Mathers n'ait ici sacrifié le sens au son, au rappel que "engraven" fait de "gravis." Comme il l'a admis lui-même, sa traduction est une interprétation libre du sanscrit, et, évidemment, du poème de Fernand Gregh! Mais ce n'est pas tout. Voyons encore:

Mais à mon tour, j'aurai connu le goût chaud de la vie . . .
I know that I have savored the hot taste of life . . .

et le reste conserve l'idée, sinon toujours l'ordre ou les images; nous donnerons d'abord le passage de Gregh, puis celui de Mathers:

J'aurai miré dans ma prunelle
Petite minute éblouie
La grande lumière éternelle;
Mais j'aurai bonne joie au grand festin sacré;
Que voudrais-je de plus?
J'aurai vécu,
Et je mourrai.

Lifting green cups and gold at the great feast
Just for a small and a forgotten time
I have had full in my eyes from off my girl
The whitest pouring of eternal light.
The heavy knife. As to a gala day.

La démonstration qui précède soulève plusieurs problèmes. Gregh, que Mathers suit de si près, aurait-il eu une source sanscrite? La même que Mathers? Et sinon, que vient faire *Je Vis* chez Mathers et dans *Cannery Row?*

De Fernand Gregh, nous savons qu'il fut l'ami du Docteur Delarue-Mardrus et de sa femme. Dans ses *Mémoires* (Paris, 1938, p. 129), Lucie Delarue-Mardrus déclare: "Fernand Gregh s'y montrait pour moi particulièrement amical. Il aimait mes vers et le disait de tous côtés."

Que l'infatigable docteur et traducteur de poèmes orientaux eût signalé à Fernand Gregh le poème sanscrit était fort possible. Pour essayer d'éclaircir ce mystère, et ne pouvant nous adresser à Mathers, mort depuis longtemps, nous avons demandé à l'Académicien quelle source orientale était à la base de son poème. Après quelques mois de silence, la réponse nous parvint enfin. La voici:

29 Hameau
Boulainvilliers
Paris XVI

20 Octobre 1956

Monsieur,
Il a fallu la maladie—dont je sors à peine—pour m'empêcher de répondre à votre intéressante question relative à *Je Vis.* J'ignorais, je dois l'avouer, les *Bilhana,* ni (*sic*) qu'il fût une interprétation du *Chavraspanchasika* (c'est bien ainsi que cela s'écrit?) Ce poème de mes 30 ans n'a pas d'autre source qu'un état d'esprit dont vous trouverez l'occasion dans le 2e vol. de mes souvenirs, *l'Age d'Airain.* En tout cas, je vous remercie de ce que vous m'en dites et vous prie de croire à mes sentiments les plus sympathiques.

Fernand Gregh

L'examen de cette lettre est révélateur: Fernand Gregh nie complètement l'influence quelconque d'un poème sanscrit. A relire son *Age d'Airain,* nous n'y découvrons rien d'utile dans notre cas. Plus importante peut-être, en ce qui concerne le *climat* du poème, est l'opinion de Gustave L. Van Roosbroeck. Dans son *Anthology of Modern French Poetry* (New York, 1927, p. 21) il dit:

Fernand Gregh [soon after the publication of *La Maison de l'Enfance*] separated from the Symbolist group to found a school of his own, *l'Humanisme,* which aimed at discarding all supra-esthetic aloofness and at re-introducing into poetry general human felings. This doctrine appears now as a midway station between the doctrine of the Symbolists and of the later Unanimists. It is well illustrated in Gregh's poem, *Je Vis* . . ."

Et cependant, que penser? "Ce poème de mes trente ans," dit Fernand Gregh—donc écrit au début du siècle—permettrait de penser que Mathers le connaissait, lui qui publia son "interprétation libre" du sanscrit en 1919. Mathers aurait employé, si le raisonnement est juste, une partie du poème de Fernand Gregh pour remplacer quelques passages des cinquante stances du sanscrit, dont il n'avait cure. Mais que nous apprend l'original sur l'entreprise de Mathers?

Grâce à la patience et aux efforts assidus du Professeur Seymour Weiner, de l'Université de Washington (à qui nous tenons à exprimer ice notre gratitude), nous trouvâmes enfin, le sanscrit nous étant inconnu, la version anglaise. C'est un des livres les plus intéressants et les plus étranges qui nous soient jamais parvenus de la Bibliothèque du Congrès (PK—3794—B62P2—1896). Intitulé *The Chaurapanghasika. An Indian Love-Lament, translated and illustrated by Sir Edwin Arnold*, le volume est autolithographié par Kegan, Paul, Trench, Trübner and Co., 1896. Le livre, à tirage sans doute fort limité, présente le sanscrit sur la page de gauche, et l'anglais en regard.

De nombreuses illustrations décorent le volume, que son auteur déclare "grotesquely illuminated" au cours de vacances qu'il passa aux Canaries. Ces illustrations sont de deux genres bien distincts: l'un, qui suggère des paysages à l'aquarelle, des fleurs et des papillons; l'autre, qui consiste probablement en reproductions de costumes hindous en étoffes imprimées, avec l'addition imprévue de quelques motifs décoratifs de la Renaissance.

Pour ajouter à cet aspect bizarre, le texte sanscrit semble être écrit de la main de l'auteur, tandis que sa traduction manuscrite inclut jusqu'aux corrections de sa main. Quoi qu'il en soit, cet admirable et rarissime exemplaire nous offre les cinquante stances du poème original. L'Introduction date du 9 avril 1896.

Nous avons suivi ligne par ligne la traduction de Sir Edwin Arnold et celle de Mathers. Les échos sont si vagues qu'il n'est pas aisé d'y reconnaître une source, voire une ressemblance. En fait, nous croyons pouvoir affirmer que Mathers ignorait l'existence de cette traduction en anglais.

Comment donc Fernand Gregh se trouve-t-il mêlé à toute cette aventure? Mathers et Sir Edwin Arnold sont morts, et Fernand Gregh ne semble rien savoir de l'affaire.

Nous avons donc cherché une source française, en partie à cause d'indices trouvés dans l'introduction aux *Coloured Stars, Versions of Fifty Asiatic Love Poems*, que Mathers publia à Oxford en 1919. On y lit:

> If readers care to turn to *Anthologie de l'Amour Asiatique*, compiled by Adolphe Thalasso, the late editor of the *Revue Orientale* in Constantinople, they will find a full and clear study of Asia's love poetry and see how much I owe to this erudite and stimulating authority. Mr. Thalasso's work first showed me beauty and interest in the songs of almost unknown literatures. *In some instances, I have translated directly and only from his book* [c'est moi qui souligne], in others I have gratefully taken his direction and traced poems back to their sources. Versions, also, of some of the Chinese poems given here will be found in the incomparable *Livre de Jade* of Mme Judith Gautier . . .
>
> E.P.M. London, 1918.

Cette déclaration se trouve confirmée par celle de la veuve de Mathers,

qui signe "R.C.M." son introduction aux *Love Songs of Asia*, de E. Powys Mathers, publié par Knopf (New York, 1946). Elle dit à la page v: "mostly he copied the French spelling because for years he had explored the Orient in that language. But French transliteration is determined by French phonetics."

Nous avons comparé les traductions de Mathers et celles de Thalasso. C'est incroyable. Sur cinquante poèms, trente-quatre (soit les deux tiers) sont *absolument mot pour mot*. Qu'on en juge par l'example suivant:

> LE JARDIN DES BAMBOUS. CHANSON POPULAIRE, ANNAM.
> THE GARDEN OF BAMBOOS. A STREET SONG OF ANNAM.
>
> Je suis toute seule et je suis jeune fille...
> I live all alone and I am a young girl
>
> J'écris de longues lettres et ne connais personne à qui les adresser
> I write long letters and do not know anyone to send them to.
>
> Dans mon cœur parlent les choses les plus tendres...
> Most tender things speak in my heart
>
> Je ne puis les répéter qu'aux bambous du jardin.
> And I can say them only to the bamboos in the garden.
>
> Et, debout, attentive, derrière la porte, en soulevant la natte
> Waiting on my feet, lifting the mat a little behind the door,
>
> Je regarde tout le jour l'ombre des gens qui passent...
> All day I watch the shadow of the people that pass.

Qui eût cru que ce fût si facile? Trentre-trois autres poèmes sont aussi fidèles à la traduction française, *quelle que soit leur langue originale*, et cela de l'afghan à l'annamite, du thibétain au burman, du japonais au turc, à l'arabe, au cambodgien, et j'en passe. Il paraît donc certain que la source principale des adaptations, presque surnaturelles, de Mathers, était une source française: Thalasso, comme Mathers l'a reconnu lui-même—d'autant que rien ne nous dit que Mathers ait su toutes ces langues.

Mais où intervient Fernand Gregh? On avouera que le cas est troublant, surtout après le démenti formel de l'Académicien.

Après un an d'attente, la traduction française du poème sanscrit nous parvint enfin sur microfilm de la Bibliothèque Nationale. Elle a pour titre: *Bhartrihari et Tchaura: Le Pantchacika du Second et les Sentences érotiques, morales et religieuses expliquées du Sanscrit en français pour la première fois par Hippolyte Fauche* (Paris, 1852). Dans une introduction, l'auteur rappelle l'existence d'une édition du poème par un M. Bohlen (présumablement en sanscrit, puisqu'il dit de son texte "traduit pour la première fois"), et accompagnée d'un commentaire de peu d'intérêt, au dire d'Hippolyte Fauche. Ce dernier explique

le titre par une collection de cinquante objets—ici stances—chiffre respecté par Mathers dans son "interprétation libre." Fauche discute aussi les légendes concernant l'auteur de ce poème asiatique et érotique, et l'attribue finalement à Tchaura.

L'examen minutieux du texte de Mathers en regard de celui de Fauche conduit aux conclusions suivantes: chez Fauche, toutes les stances commencent par l'expression "A cette heure même . . . " Mathers commence toutes les siennes par "Even now," qui est assez proche. (Tandis que, pour sa part, Sir Edwin Arnold n'essaie que faiblement, tout au début, un rappel comme "I die . . . " ou "Dying . . . " après quoi, il renonce.)

Les stances 1 à 7 sont imitées assez librement par Mathers. Ce n'est pas là le mot à mot que nous avons cité dans le cas du poème annamite, ou de Fernand Gregh. Les stances 8 à 15 serrent le texte de Fauche de plus près, 16 à 29 sont presque sans rapport, 30 est très semblable, 31 à 36 sans relation (et cela touche les stances 32 et 35 qui contiennent la traduction si littérale que fait Mathers de certains passages du *Je Vis* de Fernand Gregh) ; 40 n'a pas de rapport, tandis que 41 et 42 sont très proches du français; 43 à 48 sont très dissemblables (et 48 est presque toute chez Gregh) ; 49 a quelque écho de Fauche, et 50, aucun, mais rappelle Gregh. Voilà l'inventaire. Ajoutons que les stances 19, 20, 28, 43, 44, et 50 sont très différentes aussi chez Arnold et chez Fauche. Mais quand on se rappelle les nombreuses variations de Fitz-Gerald et d'autres, ce n'est peut-être pas si surprenant.

On comprend maintenant pourquoi Mathers appelait son poème "a free interpretation" du sanscrit ! Si l'on tente d'estimer ses raisons pour se séparer du texte français de Fauche, plusieurs idées se présentent. D'abord, le poème sanscrit, comme c'est souvent le cas chez les Orientaux, est rempli de "variations sur un thème connu," de répétitions souvent monotones que le "traducteur" trouvait peut-être ennuyeuses pour le public d'aujourd'hui. Beaucoup des passages où il s'éloigne du texte appartiennent à ce genre de litanies.

En outre, le poème sanscrit est violemment érotique. Arnold et Fauche n'ont pas reculé devant cet obstacle, encore que Fauche se serve à l'occasion du latin, se rappelant son Boileau qui disait que "Le Latin, dans les vers, brave l'honnêteté." Du reste, sa traduction date de 1852, époque peu favorable aux libertés de ce genre, si l'on se rappelle les tribulations de Flaubert et de Baudelaire.

Quoi qu'il en soit, Mathers semble avoir évité les passages trop scabreux, encore qu'il soit allé assez loin, pour lui, dans certains vers et dans certains poèmes qu'il a traduits d'après Thalasso. Or, Mathers a tenu à respecter les *cinquante* stances qui donnaient leur tire à son modèle principal. Il lui fallait donc faire du remplissage et improviser. Avec quoi ? Sa profonde connaissance du français et ses goûts personnels

l'ont incliné, pour une partie de ce travail, vers Fernand Gregh. S'il était comme nous à cette époque—vers 1918—il admirait le poète français, et, avec sa superbe maîtrise, il a traduit les passages de *Je Vis* de la façon exceptionnelle que nous avons montrée, et s'en est servi ici et là dans cette "libre interprétation de Tchaura."

Pour terminer, voici le compte de ce que Steinbeck cite de Mathers (l'édition de *Cannery Row* que nous employons est la quatrième réimpression faite en janvier 1945 par la Viking Press). Aux pages 197 à 199, on trouve les stances suivantes de Mathers: 2, 3, 6, 12, 13, 21, 35 (qui contient sept lignes traduites littéralement de Fernand Gregh, et citées plus haut), et 37. Mathers a imité assez librement six lignes de Gregh pour sa stance 48, que Steinbeck ne cite pas: puis, à la page 207 de *Cannery Row*, nous trouvons la vingt-quatrième stance de Mathers, qui n'est pas chez Gregh, et à peine chez Fauche. La dernière page de Steinbeck (p. 208), cite la trente-deuxième stance de Mathers (qui contient deux vers et demi transcrits littéralement de Fernand Gregh), et la cinquantième et dernière stance, où l'on retrouve six vers imités assez librement de Gregh.

Mais le reste? Ce qui n'est ni chez Tchaura, ni chez Arnold, ni chez Fauche, ni chez Fernand Gregh? Est-ce de Mathers? Avait-il encore une autre source? Ou plusieurs? Avec un homme aussi doué et aussi habile, on ne saurait jurer de rien. On peut bien croire, à considérer l'accident fortuit qui nous a révélé son emprunt à Fernand Gregh, qu'il en faudrait un autre, peut-être même plus subtil, pour décider de la question.

Nous signalons aux chercheurs ce cas bizarre de mélange imprévu, dans l'espoir que quelqu'un trouvera une ou plusieurs autres sources aux stances si résolument différentes de l'original sanscrit. Nous espérons aussi avoir attiré l'attention sur les qualités extraordinaires de traducteur de E. Powys Mathers dans ce curieux pastiche.

Ajoutons qu'un des faits les plus étranges de cette affaire, c'est que, si l'on ne connaît pas le poème sanscrit, ni Fernand Gregh, l'interprétation de Mathers en elle-même, donne une impression d'unité de ton et d'inspiration qui déroute le soupçon. En un mot, sa version est de bonne poésie, et quoi qu'il ait fait en assemblant les diverses parties de son poème, il nous a laissé une œuvre de belle envolée, et qui n'a pas manqué d'impressionner John Steinbeck.

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BOOK REVIEWS

THE SOURCES OF THE WHITE DEVIL. By Gunnar Boklund. Upsala, Copenhagen, Cambridge: Lundequist, Munksgaard, Harvard University Press, 1957. 226 p. (Essays and Studies on English Language and Literaure, Vol. XVII.)

There are books which must be both recommended and reproved because they offer a homogeneous combination of virtues and faults. In such cases the reviewer is forced to render an ambiguous judgment. But there are scholarly studies which, however admirable some of their virtues, are invalidated by the methods they use. Here the reviewer cannot seek refuge in ambiguities but must bring out the generic flaws of the *kind* of book that he is discussing. *The Sources of The White Devil* displays a number of highly laudable qualities, such as vast scholarship, extreme precision and care, clarity of expression. Yet I am obliged to state that Gunnar Boklund is committed to a methodological impasse, and that the results of his work are, on the whole, unconvincing.

We are first of all puzzled by the fact that Boklund conducts a search for the historical sources of *The White Devil*, but not for it literary sources. Webster's indebtedness to other writers has been exaggerated by some (such as E. E. Stoll) and practically denied by others. One would therefore expect a scholar engaged in a study of Webster's sources to consider the question. What of Sidney or Montaigne or Donne—not to mention Marlowe and Shakespeare, Marston and Tourneur? Probably the reason for the subordination of literary to historical sources is the fact that poetic influences (with a few exceptions, such as the repetition by the Capuchins in *The White Devil*, V, iii, of the very same phrases used by Erasmus in his dialogue, *Funus*) do not provide examples of literal similarity, such as are provided by comparisons of *The White Devil* with the actual events on which it is founded. Such demonstrable coincidences between literary and non-literary elements (what J. M. Carré once called "rapports de fait") are sought not only by Boklund but by an entire school of comparative literature which is the last bastion of critical positivism.

Influences of a purely literary nature are vague, genetic, problematical. Boklund will tread a firmer ground. His assumption is "that the origin of the play is to be found in narratives that are similar to its plot rather than in those that are different" (p. 71), and that one ought to "prefer documents which coincide with details of *The White Devil* to those which differ from it..." (p. 109). At this point it should be recalled that our ignorance of Webster's life is profound, that the spectacular career of Vittoria Accoramboni (1557-85) was a *cause célèbre* in her day, that innumerable contemporary documents are devoted to it, and that, finally, no single document can fully coincide with the plot, the characters, and the motivation in *The White Devil*, where Webster for whatever reasons gave a completely original twist to such figures as Francesco de' Medici, Ludovico Orsini, and Vittoria's mother. But to accept Boklund's assumption is to expect or even to require from Webster a minimum of creative activity. Why suppose that a dramatist of genius invented as little as possible, that he followed the line of least resistance?

Even if Boklund should chance upon a manuscript which bears a close resemblance to *The White Devil*, how can we be certain that Webster, through an unkind trick of fate, did not have recourse to another, despite the greater difficulties for adaptation that it may have offered? Or should we proceed as if Webster were a historian rather than a poet, bent upon "dramatizing" the life of Vittoria Accoramboni, and *The White Devil* a theatrical biography rather than a poetic

play? In practice Boklund holds to some such premise, although with little discussion of it and no other support than passing references to M. C. Brandbrook's and Madeleine Doran's books on the themes and conventions of the Elizabethan stage. That Webster was really "recording for the stage," or composing a kind of chronicle, seems to me an arguable notion. But, even if it were true, my objections would stand. Boklund, first of all, reduces the creative initiative of the poet to a minimum. And he fails, secondly, to distinguish between literal coincidences or "sources," on the one hand, and, on the other, the true processes of inspiration, in which influences of fact or fiction on the artist are usually not literal.

The only unshakable evidence which we possess is that John Webster was a splendid poet, and that *The White Devil* is a work of great inner coherence and self-imposed necessity. But Boklund prefers to use conjecture as a starting point. And, although he could very well be right, there exists only the possibility that he may be so.

After much hesitation, a qualified conclusion is reached. Toward this end, Boklund devotes the first five chapters of his study to an examination of the three kinds of sources available: manuscripts, printed books, and incidental information provided by such contemporary historians as Campana and De Thou. Boklund's reasoning, which I shall not try to summarize, leads him to infer that a book published in London in 1585 and probably written by John Florio, *A Letter lately written from Rome, by an Italian gentleman* . . . , and Campana's *Delle historie del mondo* (Venice, 1956) were providers of secondary information, that is to say, probably added certain details to the basic narration provided by Webster's chief source (thus basing a hypothesis on a hypothesis). The latter document (cf. Jorge Luis Borges) we do not even know in a version which Webster could have read; for only a German translation or abstract of it is extant—in the form of a dispatch sent by one of the Fugger correspondents and included, under the title, "Neue Zeitung von einem jämmerlichen Mordstück," in the *Ungedruckte Briefe an das Haus Fugger aus den Jahren 1568-1605* which von Klarwill published in 1923.

This secondhand account is singled out by Boklund for several reasons: it gives a satisfactory explanation of the activities of Francesco de' Medici; it suggests that the Duke of Bracciano did not die of natural causes; and, especially, it is the only manuscript in which the death of Isabella de' Medici (who died in fact before Bracciano even met Vittoria) is linked with the murders of Francesco Peretti (Webster's Camillo) and Vittoria. This final fact is indeed striking, and because of it Boklund's guess is reasonable—if not convincing, since many of the arguments which he employs against the "Claudio Accoramboni" manuscript (a detailed account of Vittoria's life and miracles) could be turned against the Fugger newsletter as well. The fact that the "Claudio Accoramboni" version includes references to Marcello Accoramboni (Webster's Flamineo) and to the chambermaid who becomes Zanche in *The White Devil* is discounted by Boklund on the grounds that Flamineo and Zanche are conventional Elizabethan stock types. (Whenever short of a historical source, Boklund falls back on the conventions of the Elizabethan stage.) But why not recall, likewise, that the bringing together of various violent deaths, which is hinted at in the Fugger broadsheet and is Boklund's more telling piece of evidence, is the most obvious of all the conventions of the Jacobean revenge tragedy? Surely a follower of Kyd, Marlowe, Shakespeare, and Tourneur could present a series of connected murders without the slightest need for historical encouragement.

The curiosity of scholars would be aroused if they discovered that Shakespeare might have made the personal acquaintance of, say, the son or the grandson of the Duke in *Measure for Measure*. Yet the fact that one of the characters in *The*

White Devil, Virginio Orsini (Bracciano's son and the Giovanni of the play), came to London in 1601 as ambassador to the English Court and that Webster could have at least heard gossip about him or met a member of his entourage is dismissed by Boklund as a secondary factor. And there is yet another possibility of a relevant oral tradition. Webster (whose knowledge of Montaigne was extensive) may also have made the acquaintance of John Florio, the probable author of *A Letter lately written from Rome.*

Boklund, however, is of the opinion that such oral sources could only have complemented the written ones; for, had Webster's informants played a major role in bringing the career of Vittoria Accoramboni to his attention, their knowledge would have been derived from precisely such documents as the Fugger newsletter. "Our choice will thus be between making Webster study his sources personally and making him rely upon oral information based directly on the same sources—a problem of exclusively academic interest" (p. 134). To this there is the obvious answer that Webster's oral informants were in a position to know about the life of Vittoria Accoramboni without any need for reading or diligent research; if anything was nonacademic, it was the manner of speech and the attitude toward "historical sources" of such Italian gentlemen as Virginio Orsini and John Florio. Methodology is again blocking our road. And we encounter once more the positivist's distrust of the free, creative mind and his preference for written, objective facts.

That Gunnar Boklund is perfectly capable of genuine literary criticism is amply shown by the final section of this book, which he devotes to an interpretation of *The White Devil.* I recommend to students of Webster's art these admirably concise and illuminating chapters. But I must also point out, in closing, that no solid connection is established by Boklund between his study of sources and his analysis of the play itself. An attempt is made to retract the steps taken by the writer's imagination while transforming his sources—that is, chiefly the Fugger newsletter—into the drama as we know it, an effort again based on a double hypothesis, twice removed from certainty. Such an inexorable breach between historical research and literary interpretation is, I am afraid, the most serious defect of this kind of intellectual enterprise. The discipline which we call comparative literature must remain constantly on the alert against this breach, if it is to avoid becoming the sole surviving depository of the most one-sided excesses of the past century—positivism, determinism, and materialism.

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LA VOLUNTAD DE ESTILO: TEORIA E HISTORIA DEL ENSAYISMO HISPÁNICO. By Juan Marichal. Barcelona: Editorial Seix Barral, 1957. 337 p.

The reader will find in this volume most of the articles which Juan Marichal has written on the subject of the Spanish essay. Those that have already appeared in literary journals deal with Gutiérrez Díez de Games (15th century), Antonio de Guevara (16th), Montaigne in Spain (17th), Feijóo and Cadalso (18th), Unamuno and Ortega y Gasset, Américo Castro and Pedro Salinas (20th). To the chapters concerned with the first four centuries new subchapters have been added—on the beginnings of the essay in the fifteenth century, Saint Teresa, Quevedo, and Jovellanos. Thus we are offered an ordered series of insights into the history or the career of the essay in Spain (I avoid the term "development" since this particular genre, in Marichal's opinion, does not develop consistently),

from which only the nineteenth century is missing. Only such externals as footnoting divulge the original occasion for which each chapter was composed. The sum of the parts is characterized by a considerable unity of intent, method, and significance.

This book deserves the highest praise and the most earnest consideration. Because its qualities are truly exemplary, I shall attempt to make my praise explicit before I go on to discuss the substance of Marichal's thinking.

Juan Marichal belongs to the younger generation of Spanish émigrés and, within it, to the group of writers and historians who were first educated in Mexico and later in the United States. As such he has enjoyed, unlike most of his contemporaries in Spain, the guidance of the best of teachers—notably Américo Castro. For this reason, perhaps, Marichal's work strikes that ideal balance, so very seldom encountered in Spain, between real originality of thought and expression, on the one hand, and, on the other, a selfless devotion to the task at hand. The result is a model of critical writing. It is not ponderously insipid, like the work of so many of scholarship's martyrs. Nor does it limit itself to a vaguely intuitive or recreative kinship with its subject—in the manner of the more inspired American or French criticism or of other manifestations of critical ennui and literary unfulfillment. Marichal's loyalty to the historian's task saves him from such pitfalls.

At least three qualities, to be more precise, should be singled out. One is the critic's ability to concentrate his attention, and the reader's as well, on the more salient facts and more fundamental issues, particularly through his judicious choice of representative passages for discussion. The adequacy of his quotations not only proves his sense of strategy and his taste, but effectively exploits the broad reading of the writer. Still more characteristic of Marichal's manner is his mastery of the skill which Azorín called for—"el arte de las transiciones." Such a subtle command of transitions is more than an ornament of syntax. It exposes the open and—to use the obvious but unavoidable term—"liberal" turn of Marichal's mind. His dialectic seldom hinges on the alternative *either* A *or* B, for it is not determined by an argumentative spirit; its slides effortlessly, instead, *from* A *to* B, in an attempt to link ("enlazar") democratically, to bring into fertile confrontation, two different or even opposite views. Finally, Marichal's lack of methodological dogmatism is as impressive as it is significant. I do not mean to suggest that he is an eclectic, for certain approaches are prevalent in *La voluntad de estilo*. Marichal, however, questions the method he uses with each new chapter in his book, with each new subject under consideration, and makes clear that no single point of view is capable of covering the full three-dimensionality of a cultural phenomenon.

Most often he attempts to place the achievement of a writer, as Américo Castro would require, within the total repertory of human possibilities and impossibilities, preferences and refusals, which constitute the dwelling place of Spanish existence. Thus Feijóo's style is seen as an acute manifestation of a nearly permanent tradition, "el senequismo literario hispánico," that is, the intense belief in literary communication as a free assertion of the individual. But other perspectives may complement the national one, and Guevara be interpreted both as a sixteenth-century Spaniard and as a Renaissance man (in his enthusiasm for language). And the entire Jovellanos chapter is based on the interesting idea that the substance of a historical period such as the Enlightenment can best be discovered, not in its central exponents (in this case the French *philosophes*), but in its more marginal examples.

Marichal's principal approach is singularly advantageous both as a general critical method and as a procedure for discussion of the essay. In the broader

sense, he is able to solve the most acute problem, aesthetic and practical, with which critics are confronted today—the division between what one might call the work of art as "fact" (as a self-sufficient body of forms and significances which is presented to the reader or spectator, and entirely existent in the present) and the work of art as "act" (as a human initiative which is meaningful when referred to an individual life and, beyond it, to a historical period). Obviously Marichal is bent upon finding a way out of the impasse. He is in a position to do so because of the conception of the essay that he holds in this book: ". . . hablando estrictamente, no hay ensayos sino ensayistas" (p. 12). This statement must not be understood to signify that Marichal denies the existence of the genre he studies. If only essayists exist, it is rather because the essay ought to be viewed dynamically, as what Ortega has called an "obra operante." To write essays is not to achieve a finished "structure of norms" (in Wellek's words) but to be engaged in a manner of literary operation, of action through words. For this reason the character of every essay is completely adaptable to the purposes of the author and in such a context one may speak with justification of the absence of a preexistent genre, of a historically developed group of techniques with which each new author comes to terms. The high degree of variety which the Spanish "essay" offers to the historian is due, in Marichal's opinion, to the numerous and dramatic changes which the structure of Spanish society has suffered over the centuries. In contrast a single English tradition of the essay can be defined because of the stable tradition of social relationships that has been the rule in England from Addison to Virginia Woolf. "El dramatismo permanente de la historia española hace, por el contrario, que en el ensayismo hispánico se den constantes altibajos en el porte expresivo de los escritores y en sus formas de individuación humana" (p. 14). The personal involvement of the writer in the essay *as action* is so great that he may prefer inconsistency or imperfection to finding his individual aims dissolved, so to speak, in the finished product which he is making (as in the case of Feijóo, p. 180). Thus the career of the essay manifests to Marichal, ultimately, a series of "formas articuladoras," of "connecting processes" by means of which the essayist achieves identification with both the public and his own self.

The nature of these connections is only implied in the words "voluntad de estilo" (*Wille zum Stil*, rather than *Stilwille*). An adequate equivalent could be "afán de expresión y de comunicación," the desire (or need, or eagerness) for expression and communication. I use the term "afán," so representative of Américo Castro (who has portrayed the "vivir afanoso" within which so much Spanish art developed), because it clarifies Marichal's debt both to his teacher and to Ortega's notion of individual life as drama, as unavoidable self-choice and struggle for realization of a "proyecto vital."

The dramatic effort which Marichal tries to recapture in every essayist is a double-edged one. First, it springs from an inner necessity or wish of the writer—especially in Spain, the land of "personalismo" (again according to Castro). The activity of writing essays first enables the essayist to shape his own individuality. In this sense Marichal is a psychological critic, although not in the manner of Sainte-Beuve. His approach (as he explicitly states: "la voluntad de estilo . . . puede asimilarse finalmente a la función genérica que los antropólogos denominan *rôle*," p. 8) has anthropological connotations and could readily be extended, of course with historical realities in mind, to illustrate some of Jung's principal concepts. Every essayist is primarily attempting to fashion his own image, to clothe himself with an "ideal I" (or mask, or "persona"), and the will-to-style is then but the instrument of a desire for being, of a "voluntad de

ser" beyond the inert conditions of existence. What is characteristic of these Spanish writers, however, is that the inner drive should be indivisible from the urge to achieve contact with certain social types or groups. Thus the rich texture of Marichal's criticism often contains sociological observations. What he considers particularly significant, when using this approach, is not so much the social milieu from which the writer originates as the audience to which he directs his words, for which he figures his style, and with which he prefers to associate his own "ideal I."

These two perspectives, I must add, demand a mastery of historical interpretation which Juan Marichal fully possesses. Both the psychological and the sociological dimensions of the writer's "drama" are used, not to exclude history but to make it vitally relevant. The shaping of the personal mask, on the one hand, is inextricably linked with the world view or "cosmovisión" (*Weltanschauung*) of the essayist, which in turn is made possible by the trends and limitations of the historical moment and the national dwelling place in which he lives. The search for collective association or dissociation, on the other hand, is clearly determined by the social dynamics of the period. Marichal, as a result, asks in every chapter of his book the two questions: What opportunities for expansion or expression does the period under study grant the creative individual? And what proportion does one find in each essayist between the self-constructing impulse and the social impulse?

One might wonder whether these fundamental tendencies could not be perceived in any creator of literature. But such a remark would be a compliment rather than an objection. For there lies Marichal's strength. In theory his viewpoint is unassailable, and in practice he demonstrates how applicable it is to the tradition of the Spanish essay from Alonso de Cartagena to Pedro Salinas. We have just seen that the essay is shown by Marichal to consist of a series of "connecting processes," both collective and personal. This process first becomes apparent after the breakdown of the mediaeval order, where the individual, almost anonymous, was in need of no such bonds. During the fifteenth century in Spain the attempt to develop personal singularities is linked with the search for an audience and a form of social support by the class which had been most violently uprooted and was therefore most desirous of social readjustment—the "cristianos nuevos" or ex-Jewish converts (Alonso de Cartagena, Mosén Diego de Valera, Fernando de la Torre, Fernando del Pulgar) of bourgeois origins, who found in the increasingly ambitious aristocracy a possible ally.

Pulgar, who very consciously asserted himself in a mobile society, was the most creative of the converts who, *as disconnected men,* initiated the connecting processes of the essay. In him "la individualidad personal y el afán sociable se combinan equilibradamente" (p. 51). This perfect balance between expression and communication will be found in only a few of the later essayists (Saint Teresa, perhaps Unamuno). Antonio de Guevara employed the rhetoric of humanism as a means for social consolidation and individual self-embellishment. His "ideal I"—for he was of illegitimate origin and yearned for aristocratic acceptance—was a mere fictitious mask or an imposture. He was not initially rootless, like the converts, but rather chose to be so, to dissociate himself from his roots. This act of dissociation can also be found, curiously enough, in Quevedo. This lonely admirer of Montaigne belonged to the nobility of the court, but he vituperated the stately and static *noblesse de robe,* the courtiers and bureaucrats who personified Spanish decadence, in direct opposition to the dynamic ideal of political action and noble behavior with which he preferred to be identified. Wish dream and collective action were fused, likewise, in Feijóo. His self-imposed

image was that of "el Desengañador de las Españas," that is, the destroyer of common errors and leader of public opinion.

But Cadalso furnishes Marichal a better opportunity to elucidate the eighteenth-century conception of the essay. For the *philosophe* or the reformer, language was no longer a tactical weapon, as it had been for Guevara, but rather a tool to shape men into the universal image of the "hombre de bien"—an effort which could imply a subordination of the individual to the social, of expression to communication, through a double standard of writing which is best exemplified by the split between Jovellanos' diaries and his public discourses. The perfect balance between confession and sociability would only be restored by the authors of the generation of ninety-eight (I assume that an additional chapter on romanticism would only confirm this), particularly Unamuno, whose constant outpourings aimed not at stylistic solitude but at a revival of mutual communication based on the free interplay of personalities. The example of Unamuno and, later, Ortega or Salinas, may reveal most clearly what Juan Marichal, as a Spaniard, has in mind, and what the role of the future essayist ought to be in Spain. These writers all represent an ideal of peaceful mediation and reconciliation, and the "voluntad de estilo," in the final analysis, should harbor a "voluntad de convivencia," of liberal coexistence.

The reservations I have concerning this book do not affect the content of Marichal's historical interpretations, though I might mention that Saint Teresa, in the chapter devoted to her, almost ceases to be a mystic, and that the article on Cadalso does not draw a sufficiently sharp line between knowledge and conjecture (a danger against which this kind of commentary must always be on the alert). My reservations are of a literary nature and—I should quickly add—refer to what is left out of the book rather than what is included in it. Marichal, it seems to me, simply has not given us as much literary criticism as he might have given us.

In practice, *La voluntad de estilo* does not blend often enough the methods of stylistics with those of a historical, psychological, or sociological character, though in theory it claims to do so: "que los procedimientos de la estilística pueden, y deben, coordinarse con los de la historia de la cultura es, por lo tanto, para nosotros, algo más que una verdad perogrullesca: es el principio que guía más constantemente los trabajos del que esto escribe" (p. 10). Marichal, in fact, states that Pulgar is the first Spanish essayist of real quality, that Guevara is superior to him, that Feijóo's work has little artistic value, but without explaining why; and he apparently believes that he is engaging in "textual analysis" (see p. 151), or determining the actual characteristics of a writer's individual style, when at most he provides us with a semantic interpretation of key terms ("sin concierto" for Saint Teresa, "tino mental" for Feijóo, etc.) or shows the general conception of language and of man which each author holds. It seems obvious that such speculations are perfectly reconcilable with a precise study of literary fact—not just an overall survey of it, or a bird's-eye view, where previous stylistic research is taken for granted—and even desirable that these studies should be related. The excesses of textual interpretation, of which, to be sure, most of us today are weary, are no more to be condoned than the abandonment of stylistics, which has yielded such a rich harvest in the past (especially in Spain, with Amado Alonso, Dámaso Alonso, etc.). If this discipline of stylistics is abandoned, criticism is in peril of being relegated to a no man's land somewhere between history and literature.

Students of that relatively fresh field of study, the theory of the essay, may also wish to argue with *La voluntad de estilo*, although such a theory is not

fully developed in this book. Does the book not prove, in fact, that a number of Spanish essayists, no matter how free and protean the genre that they use, have been very much aware of the achievement of their predecessors? And should we not expect this awareness to be even more apparent in the twentieth century, since Spain is one of the few countries where essayists are conscious of the fact that they are writing essays? The question is whether Marichal really disagrees with the generally held belief in the existence of a form characteristic of the essay. We cannot be sure until he considers with greater precision the stylistic techniques born of the stylistic conceptions which he studies.

That such a form does exist, that its varieties are legion and closely related to other literary genres, and that it provides critics with a formidable problem of definition, seems to be true of the essay as it is of the novel. But the essay, unlike many novels, also appears to be particularly dependent on verbal creation, linguistic vitality, command of original style. Only a good essay is a genuine essay, states Klaus Günther Just,[1] with some exaggeration perhaps but also with indubitable truth—just as one is used to saying that only a good poem is a poem. Richard Exner shows how an essay comes to life through a high degree of verbal inventiveness.[2] Does this "género operante," then, to return to Marichal, become precisely that—operative, persuasive, capable of expression and communication—insofar as "la voluntad de estilo" gives birth to original styles? Marichal's book, I think, proves the point indirectly. This collection of essays is so effective and satisfying that by its very nature it suggests to what extent the genre may be viewed as both an active operation and an artistic creation.

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WASHINGTON IRVING AND GERMANY. By Walter A. Reichart. Ann Arbor: University of Michigan Press, 1957. 212 p.

Professor Reichart evidently intended to give a definitive account of Irving's German experience. Irving's travels through Germany and Austria, his extended stay in Dresden, his rather cursory studies of German legend and fable, his involvement in adapting German operas to the English stage, his hope of finding in Germany the materials for a "German Sketch Book," and finally the failure of that hope—all are laid before us. The account is followed by tabulations of the German books in the Irving Memorial at Sunnyside (a good number of them uncut), of the German titles recorded in Irving's notebooks, and of "virtually all the theatrical performances he witnessed" on his German tour. In a word, the record is complete.

And yet it adds little illumination to the sixty-odd pages in which the late Stanley T. Williams dealt with the same subject. The new account is more detailed, but much of the detail is tangential. Because Irving's introduction to an American edition of Campbell's poetry in 1810 revealed his awareness of "the prevailing enthusiasm for German literature," we are treated to the details of Campbell's German itinerary of 1800. Minutiae are presented with ponderous circumspection: "To fix the exact date when Irving was first introduced to the Fosters is made

[1] K. G. Just, "Essay," *Deutsche Philologie im Aufriß* (Berlin), II (1954), 1963.

[2] R. Exner, "Probleme der Methodik und der Komposition in den Essays von Thomas Mann und Hugo von Hofmannsthal," *German Quarterly*, XXX (1957), 145-157.

difficult by inadequate and inaccurate notations" in the diaries of Irving and the Foster girls; but add the records of the Dresden theaters, and half a page or so of close argument shows that it is "reasonable to assume that Irving met the Fosters in their opera box on December 11, 1823, during an intermission of Rossini's opera *L'Italiana in Algeri*."

On the other hand, the question why the projected "German Sketch Book" turned into the potboiler, *Tales of a Traveller*, receives no full answer. Reichart speaks of Irving's ill health, of his recurring depressions, of the ease with which he let sociability divert him from work, of his disturbing attachment to Emily Foster. These things certainly did not speed his project. Nor is there any doubt that, while "he had felt at home" in England, he remained a stranger in Germany. But the question is, why? Reichart's belief that Irving's reaction to German life was typical of his reaction to "all Continental life" misses the mark. After all, a few years after the failure of his German hopes, Irving turned out *The Alhambra*, a "Continental Sketch Book" which quite recaptures the glow of the original English *Sketch Book*. Why, then, not a German one?

Professor Reichart does not say. The trees seem to have prevented him from seeing the forest. He retraced "Irving's footsteps in Dresden, fortunately ... before World War II destroyed the Saxon capital"; he was "received by Prince Johann Georg, a brother of the last King of Saxony, whose family archives yielded some evidence of Irving's associations with the royal family." He gives us a picture not only of Dresden but also of Munich and Vienna in Irving's time (though without offering a convincing explanation of Irving's curiously cool reaction to Vienna and *its* theaters); he characterizes the Saxon Royal family; he exploits the theatrical bills. But the precise nature of Irving's responses he leaves undefined. That much of Irving's inspiration came from his childhood reading in the British classics and the chivalrous chronicles of Spain; that not *all* continental life, therefore, left him cold; that Spain, like Britain, was alive for him with "the charms of storied and poetical associations"; and that Germany with all her legends was a later and therefore more superficial interest—of this Professor Reichart says nothing. He tells us that a "passion" for German literature "gripped" Irving; but can this be justly said of the Irving who was offered the privileges of the Royal Library in Dresden only to neglect them for "social distractions," who met Tieck but remained unaware of his importance, whose trip through Germany, as Professor Reichart suggests, was a series of neglected opportunities?

Much search and research has gone into this book, and whatever facts can be dug up are no doubt here. If the result is nevertheless disappointing, the reason is in part that the author's conception of his audience has not been entirely clear. "Most readers," his Preface opens, "are probably aware of Washington Irving's close contact with Spain ... but it may come as something of a surprise to see Irving's name associated with Germany." And a little later, speaking of "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow" and "Rip Van Winkle": "... it may be surprising and disappointing to know that these narratives ... were in part suggested to Irving by his German reading." Students of comparative literature are not likely to be surprised (or disappointed) by such news since they have had it, if not from Williams and Pochmann, then from hearsay. Is Professor Reichart, then, addressing the so-called general reader? If so, let us hope that he exists in quantity and is willing to follow this meticulous guide to Irving's Germany.

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LA EXPRESIÓN DE LA IRREALIDAD EN LA OBRA DE JORGE LUIS BORGES. By Ana María Barrenechea. Mexico City: El Colegio de México, 1957, 190 p.

Aunque se dedica al estudio de las novelas y los cuentos de Jorge Luis Borges, Ana María Barrenechea encara en *La expresión de la irrealidad en la obra de Jorge Luis Borges* una actitud de la mente de Borges más que su labor de cuentista o novelista. Por lo mismo se le hace necesario citar y comentar a menudo a Borges crítico, pensador, mistificador o poeta. Lo que es ya un acierto. En nuestra búsqueda de lo esencial de Borges, de lo característico definidor, será indudablemente el aproximarse a su compleja actitud humana e inhumana, no el estudio detallado de una rama de su creación, lo que nos dibuje al hombre, que, en este caso y como excepción, es más importante que la obra aun para la investigación histórica de la cultura argentina. El hombre localizado en Buenos Aires y con ansia de universalidad, y tan monótono, gris de ciudad moderna en medio de la variedad de su pensamiento filosófico, poético, detectivesco, novelístico, crítico, sociológico, es lo que significa Borges para el lector de hoy. Y lo que es ser argentino, o mejor "porteño," anda enlazado muy hondamente con el mundo de Tlön, Evaristo Carriego, Almotásim, el caos y las multiplicaciones infinitas.

Este libro, como toda tesis doctoral, se pierde en detalles y notas, pero, como pocas tesis, tiene la virtud de tratar de definir el arte de Borges. Casi a pesar del método pseudoacadémico de desordenar las obras de un autor para volver a hilvanarlas con citas que construyan una arquitectura más lúcida—que no siempre lo es—el hallazgo de intuición crítica es a veces certero: "... la condición característica del arte de Borges: poder saltar (o deslizarse) de lo irónico a lo patético sin que el lector se sienta molesto y tarde en acomodarse al nuevo tono" (p. 94). Hace falta todavía analizar los métodos que producen tal éxito, pero al menos la definición de un rasgo característico señala una dirección. Se asoma por trozos como éste la capacidad crítica de la autora, la que necesita aún librarse de cierto prurito de erudición, tan argentino o porteño, tan del Instituto de Filología, que la lleva al exceso de incluir en su índice de nombres a Jesús (p. 184). Sin embargo, el armazón de notas y bibliografía es en general adecuado y útil.

En cinco capítulos nos presenta Ana María Barrenechea las relaciones de la técnica de Borges con ciertos problemas fundamentales que ha encarado su filosofía: "El infinito," "El caos y el cosmos," "El panteísmo y la personalidad," "El tiempo y la eternidad," "El idealismo y otras formas de la irrealidad." Con la madurez artística y literaria de la Argentina, de la que Jorge Luis Borges es el exponente mayor, está desarrollándose la crítica erudita y por su seriedad ya parece ser casi casi adulta. Lo malo que se soslaya a través de los capítulos de este libro es que la crítica y la erudición de la autora son demasiado serias, adolescentemente serias; les falta todavía la sonrisa de la madurez y la ironía de la desilusión. Y así se le escapa a veces lo más hondo de este "mero sudamericano" (véase por ejemplo, la nota de la página 134).

Quizá también se deba poner reparos a la presentación del libro, a las erratas de imprenta ("anasible," p. 100; "elegió," p. 103), así como a ciertos caprichos lingüísticos ("enfatiza," p. 62; "negligirla," p. 116). Pero es de esperar que con la madurez y la sonrisa, le ha de llegar a la autora también ese cuidado del detalle que viene con el descubrimiento del tamaño y la importancia de una tradición y de la insignificancia del crítico efímero. Mientras tanto, su paciente esfuerzo, con sus pequeños defectos, resulta mucho más que el mero deber académico cumplido.

BERNARDO GICOVATE

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WILLIAM WORDSWORTH: A BIOGRAPHY. THE EARLY YEARS, 1770-1803. By Mary Moorman. New York: Oxford University Press, 1957. xvi, 632 p.

Biographical studies of Wordsworth abound, but few have dared complete scholarly coverage of so long and productive a life as his. George McLean Harper's has long been the standard biography, but its most recent revision is dated 1929. For more recent comment and discovery, the student who would see Wordsworth whole has been forced to piece out a mosaic from books such as R. D. Haven's *Mind of a Poet* and myriad articles, large or small, in the learned journals. This first volume of Mrs. Moorman's venture is thus welcome as a synthesis of a mass of scattered material.

Her summary of a century's scholarship has obvious value for both the scholar and the general reader. Its virtue lies in the accumulation of biographical details, some unknown, many unfamiliar. In pursuit of them Mrs. Moorman has ranged over "letters, journals, and poetical texts, with whatever else of additional information can be discovered or used." She has had free access to materials in the Wordsworth Museum at Dove Cottage and to private collections such as the Pinney Papers. She has had cooperation from scholars whose enumeration reads like a "Who's Who" of a mythical Wordsworth Association. She is too modest, surely, in asserting: "I can not claim to have found out many new facts" (p. ix).

Much of the material Mrs. Moorman uses is not readily accessible. She utilizes such sources as the notebook of Wordsworth's gardener at Alfoxden and the diary of William Godwin, and material to be found only in obscure publications. When this kind of material serves only to corroborate what is already known it is nonetheless valuable. When it fills in what has been unknown—no matter how apparently inconsequential—it helps us to understand well-known but oblique allusions. For example, the *Prelude's* lines which speak of turning towards "Mathematics, and their clear / And solid evidence" mean more when we know that Wordsworth found an old copy of Euclid among the books at Racedown (p. 285).

This accumulation of material can be most helpful in illuminating Wordsworth's relationship with Coleridge. It offers a wealth of evidence demonstrating their symbiotic dependence. Coleridge with his quenchless lust for discovering "the intellectual helicon"—the source of poetry—saw in Wordsworth an ideal. From time to time we are given glimpses of his attempt to analyze the limits of this ideal as he has Wordsworth write poems on this theme or on that, in this form or in that. Perhaps, as Mrs. Moorman suggests, his disappointment was deep when Wordsworth could not pursue a great philosophical work on man, nature, and society. He nonetheless respected Wordsworth's "gift of the imagination in the highest and strictest sense of the word."

From 1795 onwards, the mutual reliance of Coleridge and Wordsworth is evident in every chapter of Mrs. Moorman's book. After exchanging criticism in the spring of 1796, Wordsworth revises his "Salisbury Plain" completely until it could be looked upon as another work (p. 294), and boldly appropriates without acknowledgment a line from Coleridge's published poems. Coleridge completely revises the edition of his poems, using his best efforts "to tame the swell and glitter both of thought and diction," and appropriates Wordsworth's early "Beauty and Moonlight," revising it eventually into "Lewti." When we consider also the role Coleridge played in copying out and proofreading the early editions of *Lyrical Ballads*, and Wordsworth's power to influence changes in the poems of his friend, we ought perhaps to pay serious attention to the doggerel in "Christabel's" preface: "'Tis mine and it is likewise yours..."

It is too bad that Mrs. Moorman does not exploit this theme. She begins something of the kind when showing the development of Wordsworth's "Intimations

Ode" out of his "Rainbow" and "Cuckoo" poems. She quotes his statement that the cuckoo's voice, heard in imagination, could recreate for him a golden time. Had she placed this statement alongside "Tintern Abbey" and "Solitary Reaper," and alongside Coleridge's "Kubla Khan" and conversational poems, what a revealing searchlight we might have had! *How* Wordsworth and Coleridge demonstrate the shaping spirit of imagination should be more interesting than what they say about it. Mrs. Moorman does not explore this point. She is more concerned with resemblance than with substance; the discussion of the "Intimations Ode" brings in Coleridge only to point out the remarkable resemblance of its first line to the first line of Coleridge's earlier "Mad Monk." On this score, she might also have pointed out that Coleridge borrowed that line right back for "Dejection," where it reads: "There was a time when tho' my path was rough."

Mrs. Moorman's careful scholarship may be partly responsible for her failure to exploit her materials critically. She is emphatically cautious about using poetical materials to support her assertions. In connection with her description of Wordsworth's life in London, which depends heavily on the *Prelude*, she says, "We cannot escape the feeling that Wordsworth was trying here to write of what he thought afterwards should have interested him..." (p. 159). Yet, surprisingly, we find egregious instances of unscholarly practice. Passages from Hazlitt's "First Acquaintance with Poets" are distorted to make it seem that we are getting a contemporaneous report, when actually Hazlitt was writing twenty-five years after the fact (pp. 397-398). And, instead of using primary sources readily available, Mrs. Moorman quotes an inaccurate transcription of "Dejection" to suggest an intimacy between Coleridge and Mary Hutchinson, soon to be Mrs. Wordsworth (p. 550), when actually the original MS clearly shows that the intimacy is with Sara, and not Mary, Hutchinson. The lines in question are:

> "Dear Mary! on her Lap my head she lay'd—
> Her hand was on my Brow,
> Even as my own is now,
> And on my Cheek I felt *the* eye-lash play."

In the MS, available in facsimile in George Whalley's *Coleridge and Sara Hutchinson* (1955), which Mrs. Moorman cites elsewhere, the last of the line quoted reads plainly "thy eyelash." This suggests a more passive role on Mary's part, a more active one on Sara's.

Flaws of this kind may weaken the book's reliability as a scholarly work. An inadequate index may weaken its usefulness. Although Coleridge is mentioned significantly on p. 42 and "Kubla Khan" on p. 163, his name is entered in the index as appearing first on p. 181, "Kubla Khan" as appearing first on p. 346. The first entry for Annette Vallon—another central figure—is off by two pages (137 instead of 135). Titles of books, such as Burger's or Percy's collections, are not indexed by either author or title.

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KUNST EN DROOM. By S. Vestdijk. Amsterdam: De Bezige Bij, 1957. 201 p.

As a critic Simon Vestdijk shows some of the qualities that have helped to make him Holland's outstanding novelist. He is as sensitive to the feeling an author's works evoke as he is to his own characters' suffering. Which is not to say that he does not judge. His curiosity about a fellow writer's power demands

judgment; if that author fails to do what he set out to do, or could have done, Vestdijk will quickly denounce him. His tone is always authoritative, though seldom dogmatic. He trusts his own insights; but there is no pretentiousness in his tone, no stuffiness in his manner.

In this selection from Vestidijk's literary criticism—each of his six books of essays is represented by three or four essays—he deals with such different writers as Marsman, Defoe, Joyce, Julien Green, Van Schendel, and Denis de Rougemont. And, as the title, *Kunst en Droom*, indicates, there are speculative essays on literature in general. The most detailed of these is a long study of the composition of the novel.

Like many European critics Vestdijk shows no great concern for other critical opinion on his subject; he quotes sparingly, mainly in order to disagree. Though he is not entirely unsystematic, his criticism seems to rely on no definite approach; in fact, he appears to have very little interest in the methodology of criticism. One of his essays is called "Critiek en Creativiteit" (Criticism and Creativity), but it deals neither with the critic's method nor with the function of criticism. Instead, it explains the dissimilarity between criticism and creativity as merely a difference in (1) "the point of departure" (the cause, the inspiration, the problem) and (2) "the objective structure of the product." But the creative act is the same; to create is to be above artificial antitheses between intelligence and feeling. Intelligence and feeling are to be distinguished only in the finished product; only there *can* they be distinguished. "The difference between the theory of relativity and Dostoevsky's *The Idiot* is, of course, enormous, but this is not true of the psychic processes involved in their creation; i.e., intuition, subliminal factors, seemingly fantastic elements, irrational symbolism ... operated for Einstein; critical considerations, careful choice of diverse possibilities, concrete representations, calculated according to a more or less conscious scheme, for Dostoevsky ..." (p. 167).[1]

This is almost irritatingly obvious. Still we must ask: If the "point of departure" is different, how does the *critic's* purpose differ from the *artist's* purpose? But the title of the essay, "Critiek en Creativiteit," is obviously a misnomer. Its subject is not the relation between criticism and creativity but between intelligence and feeling, mind and emotion. In his novels Vestdijk has achieved new dimensions of feeling by his intricate explorations of the manifestations of the intelligence during emotional stress. (Unobservant critics have called his novels "cold.") In this essay he opposes the "anti-intellectual" currents in romantic philosophy in which intelligence and feeling were thought to be irreconcilable opposites. There is no separation between the two, he argues, other than in the abstract imagination of some people; there is no separation in "the reality of psychic occurrence which forms a unity, a synthesis, in which everything influences everything else, spontaneously and indivisibly ... One deals constantly with combinations: an intuitive line of reasoning; an animalistic impulse which gives evidence of having rested on sly calculation; an image, almost visionary, which could never have come to be without critical labor" (pp. 166-167).

These observations on the intellect and the emotions are by no means apologies for Vestdijk's own fictional works; they are, rather, central in his critical apparatus. Thus, Joyce is essentially an author who saw the world through grotesquely distorting eyes; his wit, in fact, says Vestdijk, is a product of the exploitation of that vision. His mind became so monstrous that his feelings *had* to atrophy. Vestdijk urges us to take him for what he is: a comic author, a cousin of Sterne,

[1] The translations given here are mine. So far as I know, Vestdijk's essays have not been translated.

a parodist, a caricaturist, a Rabelaisian satirist rollicking in wit and folly, whom we read for the same reasons that we read Rabelais.

A more satisfying author is Sartre. As early as 1938 Vestdijk predicted Sartre's importance as a thinker and writer. The review of *La Nausée* reprinted in this book deals with Sartre as the poser of the truly important questions: What is existence? How is it possible that anything exists? Why do we exist? "Anyone who asks this question is threatened by neurosis; but those who do not ask the question... Why do we exist?... are sick without knowing it themselves, and incurably so because they have evaded their disease, have not accepted it" (p. 140). But Sartre is not only a great thinker, he is a novelist of the first order; *La Nausée* is more than a *roman à thèse*, because "for Sartre and Antoine Roquentin philosophy is not an interesting and lofty occupation, but an alternative to insanity" (p. 141).

Our sympathy with Vestdijk's judgments will often depend entirely on whether we agree with his particular perceptions. Speculating about "De Betovering van het Verleden" (The Enchantment of the Past), Vestdijk remarks on the dichotomy between novel and introduction in Thomas Mann's Joseph novels and Hawthorne's *The Scarlet Letter*. The atmosphere of the past is suggested in a much more poetic way in "The Custom House" than in the novel. "The reality of what once existed is approximated when the writer in the present (his present) surrounds it with the tentacles of his dreams, and disappears when the past itself is brought on the stage as a 'past present'... When Hawthorne, in his introduction, discovers the scarlet letter, that strange symbol of guilt and penance makes a deeper impression than when, in the novel itself, Hester Prynne wears it" (pp. 194-195). One may or may not agree.

Vesdijk's observations, it seems to me, should be valuable to American students of literature, precisely because of his curious lack of theoretical position. A highly original estimate of a number of prominent writers always deserves our attention. But readers of Vestdijk's fiction will not need such prompting; above all, Vestdijk the novelist inspires great curiosity.

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SEHEN UND WIRKLICHKEIT BEI DANTE MIT EINEM NACHTRAG ÜBER DAS PROBLEM DER LITERATURGESCHICHTE. By Ulrich Leo. Frankfurt: Klostermann, 1957. 196 p. (Analecta Romanica, Beihefte zu den Romanischen Forschungen, Heft 4.)

These collected studies by an outstanding and devoted Dante scholar are of great value for their conscientious philological interpretations, as well as for their admirable empathy into a spiritual cosmos (p. 27) from which Professor Leo considers himself far removed. Four of nine essays are concerned with the main theme, four with criticism and more peripheral exegesis, and one with literary epistemology. The four articles of central interest are: "Sehen und Schauen bei Dante" (pp. 11-45); "Dante's Way Through Earthly Paradise" (pp. 46-70); "The Unfinished *Convivio* and Dante's Rereading of the *Aeneid*" (pp. 71-104); and "Der siebenundzwanzigste Gesang des Purgatorio. Lectura Dantis" (pp. 164-182).

It is interesting to see how the first article (1929), presenting a very ingenious hypothesis, gains more and more evidence in the two following essays and is taken up again in the "Lectura," which has been included in Giovanni Getto's series of

top-ranking analyses, past and present, of single cantos of the *Divine Comedy*. In 1929 Dante scholars were still troubled by the complete failure of Vossler and Croce to find the aesthetic unity in the *Divine Comedy*, each of whose three canticles seemed to have an entirely different style. Ulrich Leo offered a solution —the style changes with the shifting of the pilgrim's eyes from a realistic seeing (*videre*) to a mystic vision (*contemplari*). The eidetically gifted poet himself gives the key, so long overlooked by commentators, by constantly stressing, like the writer of the Apocalypse, "I saw" and "I was not able to see." He is not able to see heavenly things before Beatrice has changed his eyes into a mystical instrument fit for imaginary illuminations and epiphanies (p. 41) which prepare him for the *visio beatifica*.

Consequently, Dante's fictional dream contains, as poetic experience, first an ascetic phase, as Dante's bodily senses note salutary horrors when he descends through Hell and when he looks sharply but not always successfully about him during the strenuous ascent of Mount Purgatory; second, a mystical phase of illumination which comes to him indirectly through the eyes of Beatrice as he rises through the heavens and ends in the ecstatic moment of *unio*, when he believes he sees the Blessed Trinity directly, *facie ad faciem*. These different kinds of seeing have, according to Leo, a further purpose, namely, to indicate the seriousness with which Dante underlines truths of a supernatural world which he was permitted to see unveiled. Leo, with a background of German idealistic romanticism, does not wish to distinguish sharply between fictional and genuine mysticism, despite the clarification of this point by L. Tonelli (p. 87) and by Bremond and Maritain (p. 119). But this slight flaw in Leo's interpretation does not preclude further important insights on a poetic level and saves him from any *art pour l'art* approach.

Another discovery clarifies the central point of the *Comedy* where Virgil leaves Dante and Beatrice takes over as guide. Leo is the first to understand the famous words of Virgil, "Per ch'io te sovra te corono e mitrio," as a kind of tragic irony. The pagan humanist is naive enough to believe that the lore and humanistic values (e.g., friendship, p. 51) he has given Dante are so wonderfully complete that the spiritual lore coming from Beatrice would simply be a superadditum. He does not know that there is no bridge from the spirit of *finesse* to the spirit of *charity*, as Pascal would say. Dante, the wanderer, is naive enough to hope that he will encounter his Beatrice somewhat "angelicata" (p. 47) but not "telle qu'en elle-même l'éternité la change," i.e., as God's exacting saint, an intercessory but austere instrument for the conversion of others, particularly of Dante; and that he will appear to her as an acceptable "gentleman" (p. 54) of "proud ethics" (p. 62). Therefore his terrific surprise and complete bewilderment when she comes as his scrutinizing judge, a representative function of the Holy Spirit. I think that Leo might have gone further and refuted Singleton's "Beatrice-Christ-doomsday-judge analogy," especially as Dante surely had in mind the "terribilis ut castrorum acies ordinata" characterizing the Spouse of the Song of Songs (5:9) and, by figurational implication, the Immaculata crushing the Serpent. Thus Beatrice provokes the humble avowal of Dante's sinfulness, helplessness, and nothingness in his analogical "loneliness of Gethsemane" (p. 58). This gift of seeing his inner self and abolishing his "ego" is accompanied by the grace to envision things divine in purity, symbolically expressed by "flying" instead of "crawling" (p. 50).

Leo's conviction that Dante believed himself able to assess the essence of the Other World rather by vision (*more poetico*) than by the prose speculations of the theologians, whom Leo unfortunately considers as naive (p. 21) mythographers (p. 24), leads him in the third article to the question: When did this in-

sight come to Dante? From an overwhelming amount of internal evidence, he concludes that this probably occurred during an intensive rereading of the classical authors, Lucan, Ovid, Statius, and particularly the fifth and sixth book of Virgil's *Aeneid* (p. 98), since these authors are not only minutely quoted but summarized with "personal emotion" (p. 97) in the fourth book of the *Convivio*, where Dante was speculating in theological, dogmatic, and ethical vein. Thoroughly unsatisfied with his "sillogizzar" (p. 83), however, he decided to write not about matters of obscure faith but of illuminated faith (p. 82), not about apologetics (p. 26) but about vision, not about an abstract Donna Gentile but about a real Beatrice (p. 84)—all under the impact of the sixth book of the *Aeneid*. Thus he abandoned both the *Convivio*, based on reason and faith, and the *De Vulgari Eloquentia*, and started to work exclusively on the *Divine Comedy*, exploring the tension between vision and reality and substituting poetry for prose.

These insights are used pertinently in the interpretation of *Purgatorio*, XXVII. Leo here stresses the beauty of the literal presentation, the pitfalls of admitting too much of a second sense (p. 103), the importance of Dante's dreams, the excellence of his comparisons (p. 176), the atmospheric evocation of evening, night, dawn, morning (p. 178), the graceful sketches of Matelda, Rachel, and Lea, and their prefiguration of Beatrice as a far-away echo of the Donna Giovanna who had preceded Beatrice in the *Vita Nuova* (p. 178). The first smile of young Beatrice in Florence finds a last echo in her smile in the highest Paradise, when the heavenly Beatrice leaves Dante to resume her seat in the heavenly rose (p. 86). The interpretation closes with some new light on Virgil's "valedictory."

Leo's critical acumen is also evident in "Dante in Germany," where he suggests transforming the *Dante-Jahrbuch* into a journal for general mediaeval studies which, though broader in scope, might still be centered in Dante and publish only models of scholarly research on the poet. In the short study, "Luzifer und Christus," Leo's gift for empathy failed him. It seems impossible that the suffering Satan could have aroused in Dante the picture of the suffering Christ. But his mastery of interpretation reasserts itself in "Das Sonett mit zwei Anfängen," "Era venuta ne la mente mia," where he returns to the theme of the close relationship in Dante's visionary mind between a meditation on and an apparition (p. 161), or "visit" (p. 154) of the recently deceased Beatrice (p. 157). The last essay, "Das Problem der Literaturgeschichte," written in 1943, suggests that Literaturwissenschaft threatens to leave literary history in a rather shaky state of methodology and interest—this has actually happened today.

Professor Leo's interpretations combine the illustration of poetic significance and beauty with the historical demonstration that Dante's is the first modern rather than the last mediaeval poet (p. 103).

H. H.

NOT WISELY BUT TOO WELL: SHAKESPEARE'S LOVE TRAGEDIES. By Franklin M. Dickey. San Marino, Calif.: Huntington Library, 1957. x, 205 p.

This attractively written volume, singling out for analysis plays based on disastrous love, makes a valuable contribution to the study of both form and ideas in Shakespeare. While recognizing that love is pervasive in the comedies, Professor Dickey points out that in the tragedies it is almost always an incidental theme. Three only are "built about the theme of tragic love" (p. 8), and these determine the scope of his study. *Romeo and Juliet, Troilus and Cressida*, and *Antony and*

Cleopatra, as reflected in their paired titles, provide the theme of love in excess which carries the lovers from happiness to wretchedness.[1]

For the Elizabethans, Professor Dickey holds, loving "too well" is not wise at all. Contrary to the Hegelian and romantic view that love is exalted above ordinary moral standards by mere intensity, the "degenerative effects of doting love" (p. 132) reduce the lover to an irrational behavior in which he becomes a fitter object for comic laughter than for tragic concern. Bacon's conception of love as "a weak passion," Professor Dickey believes, was much more widely accepted among Elizabethan poets than has been recognized in the last fifty years. That Shakespeare shared in this hardheaded wisdom is the main contention of this study.

The early chapters provide a useful comparative survey of concepts of love. The shift from courtly love to the division between Platonic and naturalistic attitudes in the Renaissance reflected a questioning of the romantic glorification of passion for its own sake. Ficino and the Platonists held that the only praiseworthy love partook of divine harmony and virtue, while Luther and Calvin introduced new views on celibacy and marriage. Temperate marital love received a kind of approval for allaying the burning desire of the flesh. Both Christian Platonism and Protestant rigorism urged the destructive power of the love passion. Comedy and tragedy alike found themes in three types of harmful love—sinless but still excessive love in face of unrequited passion; the positively sinful intemperance of an overindulgent, lustful passion; and finally love unsanctified by marriage, which is also sinful.

Professor Dickey prefaces his study of the love tragedies with a fresh and illuminating treatment of the skeptical interpretation of love in *Venus and Adonis* and *The Rape of Lucrece*. These erotic poems are presented as fusions of the classical epyllion and the mediaeval exemplum. Shakespeare interpreted the fall of Troy as the ethical and political consequence of lust and guilty love, a conception identical with that of the "love tragedies." The intense imagery of the love poems, along with the turbulent conflict of passion and reason, similarly reveals the coherence of Shakespeare's work in the two forms. Mr. Dickey's comment on "the consistency with which Shakespeare handled both imagery and allegory" (pp. 48-49) is one of the many critical observations which enliven and strengthen his study.

In pointing out to what a great degree Shakespeare challenges the tradition of idealized love, Professor Dickey has convincingly enhanced his reputation as a poet of ideas. But such extensive evidence of destructive passion raises the question whether all loving is mere folly. The answer rests in the expectations, the attitude of mind, of the Elizabethan audience. Playgoers came to the theater expecting to see love "a source of crosses and complications in comedy and of violent death in tragedy" (p. 9). The Elizabethan dramatists, Mr. Dickey insists, were essentially didactic, aiming "not to preach but to instruct delightfully by means of the action which was symbolic" (p. 13). The observation is shrewdly made that the earlier English dramatists often suffered from the delusion that a play was not "serious" unless someone interrupted the action to tell what it was

[1] Although it is Othello's drama that provides Mr. Dickey's title, his tragedy is seen as differing in that he has a Iago "whose deliberate scheming perverts a noble love" (p. 8). To be sure, Dr. Lily B. Campbell, whose influence upon his work Mr. Dickey generously acknowledges, contends that Othello's love is "noble and perfect"; but she also sees his tragedy as compounded of the love-hate conflict Mr. Dickey finds basic in *Romeo and Juliet* (pp. 63, 87, 95-101). Lily B. Campbell, *Shakespeare's Tragic Heroes Slaves of Passion* (Cambridge, 1930), pp. 156 ff.

all about. Their strong feeling of the need to *say* something even when they purport merely to entertain provides the framework of their aesthetic of instruction.

In establishing the surprising extent of the skeptical attitude toward love, *Not Wisely But Too Well* also provides new insights. We are shown how Romeo's tragedy results, not from blind fate alone, but from the sinister effects of his own passionate will, which carries him from comic folly to tragic disaster. Similarly, Troilus is led by passion into a course of self-deception which terminates in misery, if not death. How "passions spin the plot" is particularly well observed in *Antony and Cleopatra*. The classical interpretations of the lovers—by Horace, Virgil, Cicero, Plutarch, and Appian—are compared with the mediaeval tradition, in Boccaccio, Chaucer (who alone takes a favorable view of Antony), Lydgate, and others. Dramatic treatment of the theme comes first in the work of the French Senecans, Jodelle and Garnier; it is they who lead directly to Shakespeare, since the Countess of Pembroke is involved, both through her translation of Garnier's version and through the relationship of her circle to the stage of the day. In the French treatments, the love of Antony and Cleopatra is presented as destructive and guilty, even when pitiable.

Mr. Dickey makes it clear that, however brilliantly Shakespeare portrays their downfall, he does not depart from the doctrine that sinful passion leads to disaster for the doting lovers. The book concludes with a striking statement of this view:

"We are left feeling as the Senecans wanted us to feel but did not succeed in making us feel, that the most magnificent love affair the world has ever known blazed like a fire in the night and like a great fire left sad ashes in the morning. The sensuality and luxury of the play, its scale and size, shock us by a paradox. The *contemptus mundi* which other playwrights preach in vain follows upon our awe at the sight of the most glittering world conceivable lying in ruins" (pp. 201-202).

The paradox of pity for the victim of sinful passion, of the hero who is both comic and tragic, induces problems of form. Romeo and Troilus are seen as figures in "comical tragedy," and if Antony differs it is only in stature rather than kind. The mixing of genres is resolved by taking full advantage of Professor O. J. Campbell's brilliant analyses of comic elements in Shakespeare. *Romeo and Juliet* is recognized as having been significantly influenced by the Italian *commedia dell'arte*, while the bitter comedy in *Troilus and Cressida* is accepted as in the current vogue of "comical satire."[2] The free mixing of genres is pointed up in Mr. Dickey's comment that, "If *Romeo and Juliet* is a tragedy employing the structure and devices of comedy, *Troilus and Cressida* is a comedy based upon the traditional matter of tragedy" (p. 118).

Inasmuch as *Antony and Cleopatra* similarly embodies mixing of comic and tragic elements in its treatment of Antony's "consuming dotage" and Cleopatra's "wantonness" (p. 196), it is clear that all three of the love tragedies are distinguished by the amalgamating of disparate genres.[3] Professor Dickey's probing

[2] Oscar James Campbell, "*Two Gentlemen of Verona* and Italian Comedy," in *Studies in Shakespeare, Milton, and Donne* (New York, 1925), pp. 49-63, and *Comicall Satyre in Shakespeare's Troilus and Cressida* (San Marino, Calif., 1938).

[3] Notice should be taken of the valuable study by Professor Virgil K. Whittaker, "Philosophy and Romance in Shakespeare's 'Problem Comedies,'" in the volume honoring Richard Foster Jones, *The Seventeenth Century: From Bacon to Pope* (Stanford, 1951), pp. 339-354. The confusion of genres is explained as resulting from Shakespeare's attempt to make a philosophical play "by loading philosophical analysis upon a simple source plot which he patched up in the easy-going fashion of the romantic comedies" (p. 354). Wider development of Shake-

into the operations of excessive passion in Shakespeare's plays provides new insight into the dramatist's struggles with form as well as with the throes of spirit of his heroic lovers.[4]

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THE DIARY OF CLARA CROWNINSHIELD: A EUROPEAN TOUR WITH LONGFELLOW 1835-1836. Edited by Andrew Hilen. Seattle: University of Washington Press, 1956. xxxvi, 304 p.

The Diary of Clara Crowninshield is a nicely edited book of some three hundred pages, from which the diarist herself and her voyage emerge with impressive clarity. Longfellow, her friend and escort, traveling with his wife Mary and studying to prepare himself for a professorship at Harvard, is seen mainly in glimpses as the travelers read together, walk together, sleep on each other's laps or shoulders in the diligence, and visit with new acquaintances made along the way. Clara's observations begin on May 25, 1835 and end on September 26, 1836, and touch on England, Sweden, Denmark, Holland, Germany, and France. It was not a gay journey all the way. "How everything seems to have conspired to vex and pain me since I undertook this journey."

Miss Crowninshield was a young lady of twenty-four, who had been pampered by some and shunned by others. She was the natural daughter of George Crowninshield, Jr. and his kept mistress, Elizabeth Rowell of Salem, Massachusetts. At home she was lonely and looked down upon. In Europe she was isolated by her inability to speak or understand foreign languages. She worked at German valiantly, discovered a taste for art, especially drawing, and later married Louis Thies, a German immigrant, an art critic, lecturer, and for a time curator of the Gray Collection of Engravings. In spite of its vexations, Clara's first trip to Europe changed the course of her life, which lasted until 1907 when she died in Dresden at the age of ninety-six.

The first entry in the diary is dated from London, after a drive to visit Mrs. Mary Skinner, patroness of various writers, including the Scottish novelist, Jane Porter, and the American poet, N. P. Willis. Clara's enjoyment of England, shines in every line. This sojourn reached its climax with a visit at the Carlyles:

"He was tall and awkward in his appearance and his countenance did not betray inward cultivation, but as soon as he began to converse his original mind beamed forth. He conversed a good deal and was often poetical in many of his expressions. I felt my enthusiasm kindle and I *hung* upon every word he let fall."

Concerning Mrs. Carlyle, Clara wrote: "She is modest yet perfectly at ease, her voice is sweet and low, and when she is not speaking she casts down her eyes and then her whole appearance is lovely—tho' she had no beauty."

From Heidelberg on, Clara had the companionship of Mrs. William Cullen Bryant and her daughters. She liked the Bryants but not uncritically:

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speare's efforts to harmonize his ideas and dramatic form is to be found in the same writer's *Shakespeare's Use of Learning* (San Marino, Calif., 1953).

[4] A bibliography of works cited would have been useful. The volume is handsomely printed, and errors are at a minimum. On p. 66 the date of Henry Medwall's *Fulgens and Lucres*, given as c.1520, should be pushed back to c.1497, the accepted date of its first performance. Notice of the Medwall's *Nature*, still earlier, might have been taken, since the play urges mediation between reason and sensuality, which bears on the "not wisely" theme. On p. 148 "bewitching" is misspelled.

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"Mr. and Mrs. Bryant called in the evening. I like them both. Mr. Bryant is tall and thin with a pale, furrowed countenance, a forehead high and narrow, and no handsome feature except his eyes, which are blue and bright and thoughtful. Mrs. Bryant is pale also, with a very pure feminine countenance and a very peculiar eye. Mr. Bryant is inclined to converse but too willing to listen and never eager to speak himself and never very animated tho' his manner is earnest and decided. Mrs. Bryant is sociable. I felt acquainted with her in a moment."

The most gripping passages in the diary tell of the lingering death of Mrs. Longfellow, following a miscarriage. It is like a documentary film in its artless realism. The party had come from Copenhagen to Amsterdam, part of the way by boat and part by the diligence. Mary had felt unwell on arriving, and a doctor was called. The accident occurred at night in utter darkness.

"I woke suddenly in the night. It was quite dark. Presently I heard a tap at my door. I listened and heard Mr. Longfellow's voice. He asked if he might come in and get my candle, for his was burnt down. I told him I would hand it to him. I got up instantly and felt a candlestick on the table which I handed to him. 'Is anything the matter,' said I. 'Yes,' said he. 'Mary is sick—worse than ever.' "

Two weeks later, they went on to Rotterdam, and Mary became ill again. "I heard a movement in Mr. Longfellow's room and soon he knocked and told me it was almost 11 and begged me to come in to Mary." They had rooms at the Hôtel des Pays Bas; doctors came and prescribed and nurses came and watched. Clara did the little, personal services. She sewed and repaired Mary's nightdresses. She prepared blancmange, the only food that Mary could take. She soaked pieces of flannel in cognac and laid them where Mary felt pain. She read and prayed with her. She tried to keep Mary looking well: "I persuaded Mary to let me put on her cap and now she looks better. Poor child, she got her cap off in the night and her dark, disheveled locks formed such a contrast with her pale features that it made her look deplorably."

After Mary's death on November 28, Longfellow and Clara went to Heidelberg for the winter. Clara lived with a family and found it and the visitors very congenial.

"Then Edward told Gemming he must give us a waltz on the piano, so he sat down and began one of Strauss's. Edward took his sister and waltzed and then Eve. The Graf, and Prince Ghika went out a moment and when they came back the Prince was drawing on a pair of white kid gloves. He waltzed with Eve and then with Julie. Then the Graf got up, apologized for not having gloves, and invited Eve to waltz with him. How the waltz displays a gentleman's figure! The Count looked the best. The Prince begged me to waltz but I declined."

Professor Hilen has made the diary more readable and more interesting than the manuscript. He has modernized the punctuation, corrected some of the errors in spelling and sentence construction, written out personal names from initials, occasionally added a word or two in brackets, and deleted some 9,000 words which added nothing to the narrative. He has written introductions to each section and provided footnotes throughout.

I have not been able to compare the printed text with the manuscript (now in the Houghton Library at Harvard), but I believe that Hilen has made a remarkably accurate reading. There are a few questionable words and phrases, however: "Hotel de Russe" for "Russie," p. 23; "lip of a table" for "tip" or "top," p. 82; "crouched down on a cricket" for "as a cricket," p. 142; "trumpet" for "tambour," p. 143; "il y a sept heures" for "il est," p. 152; "M'est faible" for "Elle est," p. 176; "tunnel" for "funnel," p. 230; "bower people" for "lower people," p. 244; "in English" for "is English," p. 250.

The Crowninshield diary, written in the days of horses and carriages, little steamers, sailboats, inns, boardinghouses, candlelight, and whist, is good reading for anyone who enjoys travel literature and a trustworthy source of information for scholars.

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ETHEREGE AND THE SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY COMEDY OF MANNERS. By Dale Underwood. New Haven: Yale University Press, 1957. 165 p.

Sir George Etherege wrote only three plays, *The Comical Revenge* (1664), *She Would If She Could* (1668), and his masterpiece, *The Man of Mode* (1676); but, because of their intrinsic merit and the position they seem to have given Etherege in the court of Charles II, these plays set some of the main lines for the development of Restoration high comedy. Like most critics of that comedy, Professor Underwood is preoccupied with the morality of the plays.

This preoccupation is not due merely to the salty Restoration situations and wit; most critics easily forgive Falstaff or Chaerea the innuendoes and fornications which they would deny to the Valentines of the later stage. Unlike much comedy, however, Restoration high comedy often develops an ambiguous "moral norm." Northrop Frye (*Anatomy of Criticism*, p. 169) has said of Latin comedy that one of the most common conflicts is between a normal young man, *adulescens*, who is in love with a girl of lower class, and a dogmatic elder, *senex*, whose actions are compulsively predictable. The *senex* is often made the butt of the comedy by a witty slave of the young man, but the conflict is not resolved until chance restores the girl to a marriageable position. The moral norm is then established; the normal persons are reconciled with society and freed from moral servitude to a neurotic elder. Restoration high comedy changes this.

Though something like the Latin action often appears in its subplots, the witty rake usually swaggers to the foreground, a synthesis of both slave and *adulescens*, artistocratic and base, self-indulgent and elegant, scheming and intellectual, but not always intelligent. Whether his mistress is chaste or not, she is his match, and together they savagely trample on any humorous elder or grotesque fop who attempts to restrict them or who longs to emulate them. The comedy usually ends with a ritual dance to celebrate the forthcoming marriage of the "hero," but it is not always clear whether the marriage is to be lamented as a trap for the rake or applauded as a triumph of the lover. Even when the rake promises to reform, are we to believe him? For nearly three centuries rigid moralists have recorded their indignation and confusion at this state of affairs; more recent critics, such as Kathleen Lynch and Thomas Fujimura, have attempted to clarify the attitudes of the plays by relating them to the attitudes of the Restoration upper classes for which they were written.

Dale Underwood's account bears the curse of its origin as a Ph.D. thesis; much of it is written in a laboriously dogged jargon. His analysis is nevertheless more precise and more comprehensive than any that has so far appeared. The main point is clear:

"The society of the Restoration comedy of manners may be viewed as in large part the product of two broadly opposing sets of traditions; on the one hand Christianity and Christian humanism, the 'heroic' tradition, the honest-man tradition, and the tradition of courtly love; on the other, philosophic and moral libertinism, Machiavellian and Hobbesian concepts as to the nature of man, and

Machiavellian ethics. The form and meaning of the plays reflect the juxtaposition of these two sets of traditions and the oppositions and conflicts which ensue" (p. 8).

The first section of the book defines terms. Libertinism refers to an intellectual movement that historians of ideas have traced more judiciously in France than in England. The libertine of the early Restoration linked together aspects of Epicurean, skeptical, and cynical thought; he was a hedonic sensationalist who opposed reason and convention and presumed that man had fallen from the natural grace of the Golden Age. We are given for illustration the "Satyr against Mankind" by the Earl of Rochester, Etherege's friend and the supposed model for Dorimont, the rake of *The Man of Mode*. Since the libertine was an aristocrat who was committed to *honnêteté* though he accepted Hobbes' portrait of man as a beast scrambling for survival, he found that his ethical conflicts were frequently insolvable.

The second section of the book analyses these conflicts in each of the three plays. Each plot is set out as an elaborate scheme for the creation of such ambiguously ironic situations. The plays end unresolved. It is by no means clear whether Harriet will marry Dorimont or whether he plans to desert her after the end of the comedy. Though Professor Underwood occasionally refers to setting and characterization, his main interest is verbal. He claims that the wit comes from shifts of implication of such familiar terms as nature, art, reason, passion, and honor in the conflicting value schemes in the plays. In the final section he briefly charts some of the origins of Etherege's attitudes and conventions in plays by those godfathers of Restoration comedy, Lyly, Shakespeare, Jonson, Fletcher, Shirley, and Killigrew.

This study is comprehensive but not complete. There is little on the classical influences affecting comedy during a neoclassical age. Furthermore, the libertinism which the author describes is that of a small group of court wits to which the facile and indolent Etherege belonged; the critical description is therefore not as adequate for all Restoration comedy as Professor Underwood hopes. Among the libertines around Whitehall were such august men as Sir William Temple, a major European statesman; St. Evremond, that cultivated and astute friend of the English court; and Henry Charleton, virtuoso and physician to the king, whose *Epicurus His Morals* is an Arcadian vision of restraint. Libertinism, like existentialism in our century, seems to have been constantly shifting it focus as attitudes were variously interpreted and emphasized; hence Congreve, a libertine who began his dramatic career seventeen years after Etherege produced his last play, attempted to resolve problems involving mutability, levels of reality, and aesthetics to which Etherege gave scant attention.

Nor is there a clear reason why an extrinsic analysis should not mention the political and social meanings of the plays. F. W. Bateson (*Essays in Criticism*, 1957, p. 63) has made the obvious point that the attitudes of Puritans and Cavaliers, town Whigs and country Tories, were most sharply divided on the problems of sex. As the plays show the stresses and strains that came with an attempt to rationalize a life when "joy ruled the day and love the night," they also imply something of the factionalism in an England drunk by day and night on politics. Decisions in the comedies usually affect the miniature society of the family, which splinters apart and attempts to regroup itself in a new order during the course of the play. Furthermore, the libertines were caught between two concepts, loyalty to party and the absolutism of Hobbes, on the one hand, and, on the other, the potentially revolutionary attitude of the Epicurean that the king and aristocracy were little more than conveniences of the state, an attitude painfully justified during the Interregnum. Perhaps this suggests why the scramble for status in the comedies is as important as the scramble for survival. Harriet, the

heiress from the country, would survive if Dorimont left her but she would join his troop of déclassé city mistresses.

Although Dale Underwood has discovered many ironies, in his preoccupation with abstract moral meaning he neglects the drama. "We have suggested," he says, "that the comic awareness which informs the plays operates prevailingly at a highly intellectualized and abstract level of classes and values in which the sensuous, the concrete and particular surfaces of experiences are only tangentially relevant" (p. 161). Unfortunately his style and his method reduce the main characters to schizophrenic allegories and conceal the fact that the plays are funny. He visualizes nothing. In the first act of *The Man of Mode*, for example, Dorimont lounges on stage in a dressing gown reciting amorous verses, throws them away in disgust at his own chilly hypocrisy, sucks a peach brought by a flabby bawd, probes a cobbler for smutty lines, spins out his wit and his plots for his friends in a phrasing that is all his own; this, one of the most memorable scenes of characterization in English comedy, is dismissed as mere exposition. Because Restoration comedy superimposes the bestial on the elegant, there is always shock and exasperation at the edge of its laughter, which disappear when the machinery of analysis becomes too rigid and ponderous. Professor Underwood nevertheless does clarify many of the conflicts in an intellectual movement which is often neglected and in plays that are often carelessly read.

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Contexts of Criticism. By Harry Levin. Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard University Press, 1957. 286 p.

To give a notion of the rich contents of this volume will be difficult. The fifteen occasional essays are concerned with the interaction of critical theory and literary texts. The methods are various, the texts wide-ranging. Professor Levin will not accept the present divorce between linguistic and literary studies. The concurrent reaction against a narrow-minded antiquarianism does not deter him from historical and social interpretation, by which he illuminates *Don Quixote* as a product of the Renaissance. For close stylistic analysis, classical rhetoric suffices, without supplement by the jargon of the New Critics, which "might give occasional pause to a sociologist." Professor Levin's psychological and symbolical interpretations avoid the vagaries of dabblers with Freud and with symbolism, which betray the lack of "a sense of proportion, if not a sense of humor." In world literature he observes parallel, independent creations as well as influences; Japanese paintings and Noh plays show "classicists, modeling their culture on the monuments of China and India as Europe's have been modeled on Greece and Judea."

In literary cosmopolitanism, Malraux's "museum without walls," and phonographic musical records, Professor Levin perceives parallel phenomena of cultural diffusion and dilution. More than critics of the other arts, the critic of literature is embarrassed by the immensity of his materials; yet "television, by catering to demands for popular entertainment, journalistic reportage, and domestic utility which have been served too exclusively by publishers, may well reduce the effectual reading public to the proportions of those audiences whom the greatest writers were content to address." The crisis in criticism is thus a crisis in world culture, to be lived with by means of some working compromise that

respects the unity of knowledge equally with the division of labor. For literary judgment is inalienably individual.

"In the humanities, if nowhere else, man is still the measure of things. His judgment cannot be delegated to committees or teams; his opinions cannot be derived from questionnaires or polls; his observations cannot be confined to reports or surveys . . . One of the scholar's compensations is the privilege of belonging to a community of minds, of associating with his intellectual peers. But he must not forget that investigation is, by nature, a lonely pursuit."

Exceedingly lonely in America, where the indispensable "command of languages, both classical and modern," is uncommon and severely limits the scholar's discerning audience, since translation is a distorting medium. Here Professor Levin's credentials are felicitous quotation from many tongues and his lecture, *"James Joyce et l'idée de la littérature mondiale,"* offered to the Collège Philosophique at Paris.

Warrant for discrimination within the ocean of printed matter is the object of his inquiries into the meaning of "classical," into the influence of literary tradition, into the possibility of realism in fiction, and into the pretension of art to be a form of knowledge. Bizarre judgments of recent American writing in England, Russia, France, and Italy provide a cautionary tale for the critic who ventures outside his national literature. Twentieth-century polyglotism, exemplified by Joyce and by the poetry of Eliot, encounters pitfalls as well as expansive opportunities.

The textual studies begin with close examination of two episodes in *Don Quixote* which illustrate "the pattern of art embarrassed by confrontation with nature." Hemingway's style is seen as an analogous attempt "to restore some decent degree of correspondence between words and things." The consequences for poetic style of the Anglo-Saxon, Norman French, Roman, and Celtic strains of the English language are considered in well-chosen passages.

All the addresses are printed as delivered, without inclusion of subsequent discoveries by other scholars, although these are scrupulously referred to in headnotes. Content to be a pioneer, for example, in Cervantes' influence on Melville, Professor Levin shuns the temptation to stray from large issues through compulsion to be exhaustive. If, within the confines of national literatures, as in the essay on "Balzac and Proust" or in the English portions of his account of social aspects of the nineteenth-century novel, though proposing nothing unsound, he may offer little to enlighten the specialized French or British scholar, he is to be appraised within his own domain of cross-fertilization and cross-reference. With the comparativist, breadth must take precedence, a bird's-eye view be preferred to a mole's-eye view. Wide and deep as the ocean of literature is wisdom, for Professor Levin the "ultimate goal."

A survey of the present state of criticism concludes that, in coming "somewhat closer to the more organized inquiries of science, we have gained something in professional objectivity, while losing a great deal in personal breadth." Confronted with the "decline of reviewing . . . to a level where it is hardly distinguishable from publishers' advertising," Professor Levin is inclined to accept Edmund Wilson's judgment that the days of the free-lance critic are over. But the probable confinement of responsible criticism to the academy would be no novelty, he reminds us, since the connection goes back to Aristotle. That the academy is also becoming a shield for the creative writer is another sign of our times, when "all who live by the printed word" should unite in "the critique of forces encroaching not only upon the creation of literature but also upon the

preservation of culture itself." Harry Levin, dignified and sane, urbane and witty, is in the forefront of the battle.

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JOYCE: THE MAN, THE WORK, THE REPUTATION. By Marvin Magalaner and Richard M. Kain. New York: New York University Press, 1956. xi, 377 p.

This is the "first extended treatment of the history of Joyce's critical reputation," seeking "to show what the twentieth century thought of this strange Irishman over the years." The book begins with chapters on "The Joyce Enigma" (Kain) and "The Problem of Biography" (Magalaner), proceeds through "Approaches to Ulysses" (Kain), "Finnegans Wake" (Magalaner), and ends with "The Position of Joyce" (Kain). The fourteen pages of useful bibliographies are apparently a cooperative venture. In theory the materials are everything Joyce wrote and everything written about Joyce. The authors consulted "hundreds of books and articles ... here and abroad," including the little-explored Slocum Collection at Yale. Clearly the book is an ambitious project concerning a major, worthy figure.

The authors are committed to "history." From this basic ordering of the materials come two other ancillary stances—comprehensiveness and chronology. The authors' hopes were high, for their preface suggests that this book illustrates the "role that creative scholarship can play in the advancement of culture." Upon inspection, however, it is evident that "history" is equated with chronology. As "history," the book suggests the work of Leopold von Ranke, and all the relentless industry of our nineteenth-century positivistic historians.

The commitment to chronology is the source of unintended humor. Kain's previous work on Joyce must be treated—by Kain—and Kain states that his own *Fabulous Voyager* "was praised for its rigorous concentration on the text ... [but] others attacked the detailed documentation ... but Henry Rago rightly noted that this focus was intentional ..."

No doubt this book will serve a useful purpose as a kind of reference book, but its value is not as great as the initial scheme might suggest. The reader may well come away from this book with two general impressions: that Joyce was "great," and that his works are now only a zone of bickering, where nonprofessional and professional Joyceans gather to dispute.

The book represents a kind of old-fashioned scholarship now turned to a contemporary subject—postivistic scholarship which is corporate in nature, impersonal in tone, and bland in conclusion. Because the method is not literary in concept and in execution, the book can only obliterate the objects of its attention. At bottom the intention seems to be commercial; if the actual dividends be small, surely there will be academic recognition, fringe benefits. In fact, the co-authors say, "If the symbol[s] be a leg pull, the entire Joyce industry is threatened." Actually there is no very real possibility of the Joyce "industry'" being threatened, either by strike or by lockout. Too much is already at stake; too many foundations already have smiled on such projects.

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